

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 23, 1956

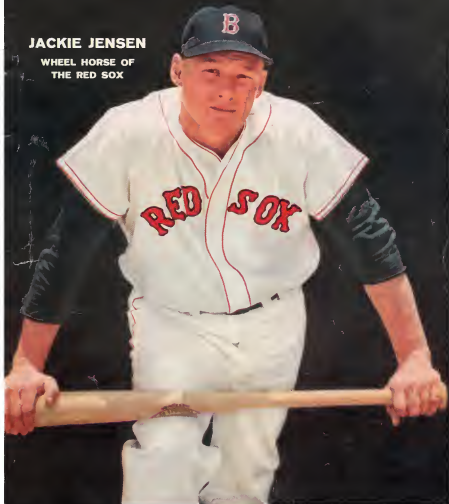
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EARLY TIMES

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GENERAL DUAL 90

Cover: Jackie Jensen ▶

One of the most underrated players in the major leagues is steady, dependable Jackie Jensen of the Red Sox, an athlete who has a longing for home instead of headlines.

Photograph by Richard Mox

Next week



▶ In mixed doubles, should a husband poach on his wife's territory? What to do about it? Bill and Nancy Talbert tell how to enjoy the game more, and play better, too.

▶ Etra Bowen, aboard the aluminum yawl *Dryas*, reports on the 21st biennial Bermuda race, the largest ever, which began under clear skies and a howling 40-mile-an-hour wind.

▶ A preview of the richest harness race in history—the \$150,000 Messenger Stakes at New York's elegant Roosevelt Raceway on July 4—with a profile of the likely winner.

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can change
all your
ideas
about rum!**

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MEMO from the publisher

THE Lower Plaza of Rockefeller Center, bordered with trees and the flags of many nations, nearly always has a festive air. In fall and winter it is a pattern of skaters in colored skirts and caps. In spring and summer it is where bands sometimes play and patrons of the Promenade Cafe dine outdoors in the shade of bright umbrellas.

But next month the plaza becomes still something else, the setting for "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in Rockefeller Center," a sports festival which from July 14 through July 19 is the highlight among highlights of New York's summer-long Summer Festival.

The Summer Festival was started four years ago by the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau to promote the vacation attractions of the world's largest city. This year the bureau invited SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to join in the civic celebration.

Nothing could have pleased us more, especially when the cordial cooperation of Rockefeller Center, Inc. made it possible to present performances on our very doorstep—a place where I can keep an eye on them with minimum (see arrow) effort.



THE LOWER PLAZA, LOOKING UP

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will produce for the Sports Festival two one-hour shows each day, at 12:30 and 5:30. They will include diving, tennis, golf, basketball and weight lifting exhibitions and all the other events which have made the Sports Festival a welcome spectacle wherever it has appeared. A regular part of the early

show will be a sports fashion show and fall fashion preview, staged by Saks Fifth Avenue.

Among those already scheduled as announcers are Mel Allen, Jinx Falkenburg, Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy and Maggi McNeill; and as performers, Vicki Draves, Dr. Sammy Lee, Pat McCormick, Arnold Palmer, Vic Seitz, Bonnie Prudden and Bob Mathias.

Between now and July 14 many of you, particularly those near New York, will hear more about the Sports Festival. Meanwhile, New York City, Rockefeller Center, Saks Fifth Avenue and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED hope you can come. And if you can, may I extend a personal invitation to cross the street to the reception center in the Time & Life Building—where Summer Festival, Sports Festival or any time at all, you are always welcome.

Harry Phillips

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Bob Cousy and Art Ficker on a jantzen inter-
national sports club swim diving voyage off
the Florida Keys. Photo by Tom Kelly

Exceptional swim trunks worn by "Mr. Basketball," newest member of Jantzen Sports Club

Bob Cousy, world-famous Celtic from Boston, is wearing what many sportsmen consider the finest trunks in existence.

This is not a new style. We developed it two years ago, and it features an elastic waistband that keeps the top snug and comfortable, no matter how many times you dive or how rough the surf. High divers, swimmers and skin divers agree that they're the best diving trunks ever made.

The trunks above are slightly different from the first models developed in 1956, but only in the waistband design. The basic

construction is the same, and, like the Volkswagen, it will stay the same. The elasticized fabric is tough but comfortable, and there is a built-in supporter.

One style, black or white, sizes 28 to 40, \$4.95; sizes 42 to 44, \$5.95. All comfortable all day. At better men's stores.

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Fitness of American Youth

Our national policies will be no more than words if our people are not healthy of body, as well as of mind.

Our young people—our most precious asset—
must be physically as well as mentally and spiritually
prepared for American citizenship.

There is a need for arousing in the American people a new
awareness of the importance of physical and recreational
activity that our young people may achieve a proper
balance of physical, mental, emotional and spiritual strength.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

—June 19, 1955

Presented in the public interest by The Wheaties Sports Federation





NEW VOICE FOR FITNESS

**Wheaties Sports Federation Is Formed;
5-Point Approach to Fitness Planned**

AFTER months of preparation, representatives of 13 collegiate coaching associations, the National High School Federation, huddled recently with Jaycees leaders, Wheaties officials, others.

Ten hours later they emerged, announced the formation of the Wheaties Sports Federation, a positive five-point plan to forward youth fitness.

Said the Federation's newly-appointed director, former Olympic pole vaulter Bob Richards:

"The Wheaties Sports Federation has been formed in response to the President's call for increased emphasis on youth fitness in our country." He then went on to outline the federation's five-point plan:

1. To encourage increased participation in all sports, and in other group and individual physical activity and recreation.
2. To assist and cooperate with other fitness-minded groups.
3. To recognize outstanding sports performance through awards and publicity.
4. To initiate greater recognition of leadership in sports.
5. To promote fitness through the basic rules of good health: Rest, exercise, proper diet and clean living.

An "Old Pro" at Fitness

If Director Richards seemed almost to

glow in his enthusiasm for the new group and its plan, he had good reason.

An "old pro" in the sports arena, Wheaties has a success record for inspiring America's youth to high standards of good health, sportsmanship and clean living that would rank high in anybody's standings.

"Sports Fitness Tester" First Project

The Federation's first project—the "All-American Sports Fitness Tester"—is shown below.

Prepared after consultation with experts across the nation, the tester is designed to help improve the sports fitness of boys, girls and adults with a series of simple tests.

"Deliberate" Fitness

"To be fit today," said Federation Director Richards, "we must set out deliberately to get the exercise that, formerly, we could not help getting. And this tester is a simple guide for getting the exercise which will help improve our fitness."

"If Americans will use it, and follow the other basic rules for fitness—proper rest, clean living and good diet, especially breakfast—we should be well on our way toward our goal of a more fit America," Richards said.

A Tester for Everyone

The Federation is distributing thousands of the testers through other fitness-minded groups, millions more on New Wheaties packages, he said.

"It is our goal," Richards concluded, "to put a sports fitness tester in every American home."



The "All-American Sports Fitness Tester" with simple physical tests and standards for boys, girls, men and women, is available now—at no extra cost—on backs of specially marked New Wheaties packages.

UNITED STATES JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Jaycee Youth Fitness Program
 WHEATIES SPORTS FEDERATION



JAYCEES AND WHEATIES SPORTS FEDERATION FORM POTENT TEAM

Youngsters have fun as Bob Richards, Director, Wheaties Sports Federation, works with Jaycees in development of local youth fitness program.

Unique "sports fitness tester" used in these programs gives youngsters goals to aim for in improving their fitness for both sports and healthy, happy all 'round living.

(NOTE: The tester is available free of extra charge on

the New Wheaties package backs, now in grocery stores.)

With 3,500 chapters representing some 200,000 "young men of action," Jaycees work locally in organizing and stimulating action in youth fitness projects.

More and more Jaycee chapters are encouraging year 'round sports participation and use of community recreation facilities. (Contact Jaycees in your area for information.)

WHEATIES SPORTS FEDERATION SPONSORS AWARDS



COACHES ATTEND AWARDS MEETING—Wheaties Sports Federation Director Bob Richards (second from left) talks awards program with (l. to r.): Charles E. Finger, Stanford University, N.C.A.A. Golf Coaches Association; J. D. Morgan, University of California, National Collegiate Tennis Coaches Association; and Julius Menéndez, San Jose State College, National Intercollegiate Bowling Coaches Association—just a few of the Federation's advisors.

Coaches' All-America Teams

Coaches know that outstanding sports performance spotlights the benefits of fitness. So, the Wheaties Sports Federation announced plans to sponsor the college coaches' selections of All-America Teams in the following collegiate sports:

Basketball	Gymnastics	Tennis
Baseball	Hockey	Track and Field
Boxing	Lacrosse	Wrestling
Fencing	Soccer	
Golf	Swimming	

These selections will be most authoritative, individual and team winners being selected by the men who know sports and athletes best—the coaches.



"300" Award for Bowlers

To be awarded to any bowler rolling a "300" game. Just send witnessed notification, including place and time, to: Wheaties Sports Federation, Box 766, Minneapolis 1, Minn. You'll receive this certificate (suitable for framing) commemorating the big event... plus a free case of New Wheaties.



"Hole-in-One" Award for Golfers

To be awarded to any golfer shooting an "ace"—this handsome certificate (suitable for framing) plus a free case of New Wheaties. Just send witnessed notification, including place and time to: Wheaties Sports Federation, Box 766, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.



FAMOUS CHAMPION CHALKS UP NEW RECORD



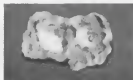
Let Bob Richards tell you about a great new development in energy foods:

"Wheaties is new and believe me, you never saw such a change. The flavor's even better now. And they stay crisp longer in milk. It's because of a process the Wheaties people call 'Radiant-Crisping'. And the color of New Wheaties is a deeper, more golden-brown. But all this telling you about New Wheaties doesn't take the place of actually trying them. So do that. Try New Wheaties. I think you'll agree the New Wheaties is even better than the original 'Breakfast of Champions'!"

Here's what makes New Wheaties a New "Breakfast of Champions"



New Wheaties Radiant-Crisped. This brand new deep-toasting method keeps every Wheaties flake crisper in milk.



New Wheaties More Golden-Brown. Makes New Wheaties' dependable whole wheat food energy even more appealing!



New Wheaties Energy Food Too. It gives you the natural proteins, vitamins and minerals of good whole wheat itself.

SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—GLENN DAVIS, Ohio State's rapid-gaited one-man gang, set off record-breaking kick at NCAA championships in Berkeley, Calif., running Texas' Eddie Southern into corners as he sprinted 440 in 45.7 for new world mark (see page 16). American records fell to Alex Henderson, burly-chested Aussie from Arizona State at Tempe, who breezed through two miles in 8:46.8, and Kansas' Charlie Tidwell, who burst out of starting blocks, never stopped until he had breezed over 320-yard low hurdles (around turn) in 22.7 (June 14).

RUNNERS also got into act on two fronts. Gregory Panichkin, looking more like computer restrainedly hustling for morning bus, wringed 10 kilometers in 42:10.4 to break world walking record at Riga, Latvia (June 12). Maria Itkina, 35, stocky-legged redhead, raced 400 meters in 53.6, fastest ever for woman, at Warsaw (June 14).

AUSTRALIA'S fabulous Koroade kids were at it again, churning to three world standards at Townsville, Dia, 13, freestyled 380 meters and 500 yards in 10:11.5, while Jon, 15, went for distance, covered mile in 15:16.4 to clip more than 40 seconds off record. Terry Gathorne led busy youngsters company, heartstrokered 229 yards in 2:48.5 for fourth new mark (June 13).

TENNIS—CHRISTINE TRUMAN, sturdy 17-year-old 6-footer, began to look more and more like Wimbledon hopeful after she conquered once-unsteady nerves, cleverly used bombing forehand and sliced backhand to upset America's Althea Gibson 2-6, 6-3, 6-1, put Britain on road to 4-3 victory and first Wightman Cup since 1939 at Wimbledon. Chris also outmaneuvered Mrs. Dorothy Head Knode 4-6, 6-4 and teamed with Shirley Bloomer to beat Mrs. Knode and Karol Paprice in doubles 6-2, 6-3. Deciding British point was earned by another teen-ager, Ann Haydon, 19, who left-handed her way past Miss Arnold 6-3, 5-7, 6-3.

BASEBALL—NEW YORK YANKEES, despite some bad moments at hands of suddenly smoldering Detroit Tigers, who moved out of cellar under new Manager Bill Norman (see page 29) to sniff rarefied atmosphere of fifth place, were still seven games ahead of pack in American League, while Milwaukee clumbed over prostrate San Francisco into National League lead.

Nations played musical chairs as June 15 deadline approached, sent 22 players scurrying to pack bags. Kansas City engaged in most quantitative dealing, trading Pitcher Duke Maza and Virgil Trucks to Yankees (who sold Sal Maglie to Cards) for Pitcher Bob Grim and Outfielder Harry Simpson; Infielders Billy Hunter and Vir Power, Outfielder Woody Held to Indians for Infielders Chas. Cramer and Preston Ward, Outfielder Roger Maris, Pitcher Dick Tomark. Dodgers traded Don Newcombe to Redlegs for Pitcher Johnny Klippstein and Fast Baseman Steve Bilko.

GOLF—TOMMY BOLT, once most trigger-tempered golfer on pro circuit but more lately very model of deportment, made rough and tough Southern Hills course behave for him, worked way brilliantly through pressure cooker for final rounds of 63 and 72 to salt away his first Open with 283, four strokes better than Runner-up Gary Player, at Tulsa (see page 24). Creaked costume tempestuous Tommy coyly: "Man, I guess this means we can start throwing those clubs most anywhere now."

HORSE RACING—GALLANT MAN, spunky 5-year-old who has waged some brilliant duels with Bold Ruler, found old rival loaded down with too many pounds (135) in \$55,500 Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont, closed briskly and urgently under firm peddling by Willie Shoemaker, burst down stretch to two-length victory.

TRACK & FIELD—VULCANOVA'S SON DE-LANY, kicking significantly down home stretch, won 894 in 1:48.6, mile in record 4:03.5, shared honors with other record breakers Glenn Davis, Alex Henderson, Charlie Tidwell, Teammate Ed Collymore (320 yards around curve in 20.7) and Pacific Lutheran's John Fromm (257 feet 1 inch in javelin) in NCAA meet at Berkeley. But USC, based last year for illegal aid to athletes, scored heavily in field events, piled up 48½ points for team title.

BOATING—YALE'S power-packed scullmen, stroking smoothly and smartly at steady 29 beat into teeth of unruly headwind, fought off challenging Harvard and stalled motorboat which blacked course briefly, methodically stretched open water to three lengths when Cantata faltered, to complete first unbeaten season in 24 years in nation's oldest sporting event on Thames at New London.

BOXING—ARCHE WOODS, still striving for 12th KO of endless career, took on old playmate Howard King for fourth time, scored him three times but couldn't keep him there, had to be content with 16-round decision at Sacramento. Explained purist Archie: "He's improving and, like a fish, is harder to catch each time you go after him." But King, who three floundered like fish out of water, reflected: "That old man is strong—he hits hard."

DAN HODGE, Olympic wrestler turned pro boxer, who has placed himself under protective wing of George Galtford, made heavyweight debut at Scranton, Pa., hardly worked up sweat before one Norm Jackson fopped down and out in first round.

PHILADELPHIANS, among longest-suffering boxing fans in nation, turned out 8,709 strong to watch Whiteweights Gil Turner and Sugar Hart, two old friends who couldn't get mad at each other, trade harmless barries, figured the \$37,500 they jammed into Promoter Muggsy Taylor's strong box was money ill spent as they boxed fighters and 16-round draw decision.

MICHIGAN ATHLETIC COMMISSION, prodled by news that Heavyweight Johnny

focus on the deed . . .



HAPPY TALEMEN grab Coxswain Bill Beckles (center) fore and aft and prepare to launch him for traditional dunking in the Thames after outrowing the Harvard crew for an undefeated season (see above).



WEATHERLY SYNDICATE ponds with cup boat before Stamford, Conn. luncheon: Designer Phil Rhodes, Sponsors A. D. Fraser, H. D. Mercer, Skipper Arthur Knapp, Spotter Cornelius Walsh.

Summerlin had been okayed for losing fight with Nino Valdes at Detroit by Boxing Commission's Dr. Leo Kallman although Summerlin had no feeling on left side (SL June 14), belatedly looked hard, urged stiffer preflight medical tests.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—BRITAIN'S TONY RUFON roared his Vanwall around Frenchamps track at 129.84 mph, sped 214 miles in 1:37.043 to win Belgian Grand Prix after Swiss Moss was forced out by jammed valves. Mike Hawthorn, second in Ferrari, won seven points, new traile Moss 15-14 for world title. WALT HANNON and her Lotus-Jag, off on SCCA winning streak, made it six in row at Lime Rock, Conn., taking lead at start and averaging 79.5 mph for 60 miles to beat Bob Oler as Aston Martin, and Bob Holbert, in Porsche RS.

LACROSSE—JOHN HOPKINS, unbeaten but ignored for national title, which went to undefeated Army, played Attackmen Bill Morrill and Jim Webster. Defencemen Walt Mitchell on Wheaties Sports Federation's All-America selected by college coaches, prepared to take 22-man squad on eight-game tour of England and Scotland. Other All-Americans: Maryland's Duke Corrigan, attack; Maryland's Ernie Boiz, Baltimore's Paul Loewer and Washington's Joe Sevcold, midfield; Princeton's Doug Levick and Army's Don Tilar, defense; Washington and Lee's Jim Lewis, goal.

MILEPOSTS—BIRD—GEORGE PINDER, 33, veteran Landolt, Pa. auto racer, AAA midwest champ in 1941, of injuries suffered in midwest race crash, at Hatfield, Pa. BIRD—CLARENCE DE MAR, 79, whipsh, very distance runner who defied doctor's diagnosis of weak heart in 1910, went on to win seven Boston Marathons, last completed in 1954; of cancer, at Reading, Mass. BIRD—LOUIS A. PETERSEN, 75, bowling enthusiast, sponsor of sport's richest tournament, founder of Petersen scoring system, after long illness, at Chicago.

FOR THE RECORD

BADMINTON—INDONESIA, over Thailand, 2-0. Thomas Cup returns final, Singapore.

BOWLING—MISS THIRPITT 17, scores by Ed Maney, Seattle, Detroit Memorial Sports Club (APRIL 14), over Wisconsin, by 14 length, in 5:07 for 174 w., Letic Mendola, Madison, Wis.

BOWLING—DAYTON AGENCY, Rogers, N.Y., beat team handicap 145, with 2,103, Louisville.

BOWLING—BAROLD CARTER, 10-round decision over Rich Rampant, Annapolis, New York. WILLIE PATRANA, 10-round decision over Franco Castella, Annapolis, Annapolis, Italy. PAT McMURTRY, 3-round TKO over Henry Bell, Annapolis, Baltimore. TONY ANTHONY, 3-round KO over Genile Pava, light Annapolis, Milwaukee. JOEY GARDELLI, 10-round decision over Frank Saxton, middleweight, Washington, D.C.

GOLF—MARY PAT JANSSEN, Charlottesville, Va., Finches Amateur, with 225 for 24 holes, Pittsburgh. LOUISE SUGGS, San Island, Ga., Round-Robin Division, with plus-21 pts., Morristown, Miss.

HAMMER RACING—ADAM DAY, 26,000 Republic 2 in 1, by 1 1/2 lengths, in 7:00 1/2, Belmont Stakes, N.Y. Neil River, driver.

HOCKEY RACING—BETTER BEE 22,500 Club, 1st in 1, by 1 1/2 lengths, in 7:00 1/2, Belmont Stakes, N.Y. Neil River, driver. LADY DE GOOD, 22,500 Neil Stakes, N.Y., by 1 length, in 7:10, Belmont Stakes, N.Y. NIDLE 22,500 Belmont Stakes, N.Y., by 1 1/2, Belmont Stakes, N.Y. Jim Nichols, driver.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—JUNIOR JOHNSON, Roanoke, N.C., NASCAR 100-lap race, with 28.70 mph average (mean), in 1:27.74, Ford, Roanoke, Va.; NASCAR 100-lap Grand Prix, in 1:27.74, Roanoke, Va. ED SACHS, Center Valley, Pa., USAC 100-lap, in 1:27.74, with 27.77 mph average, in Peter Arnold Sport, Langhorne, Pa. MICHAEL GINTER, Hollywood, Calif., 25-lap Class C production, with 15.3 mph average, 25-lap Class C modified, with 17.1 mph average, in Penn. SCA, Longmeadow race, Monterey Peninsula, Calif.

SOCCER—ST LOUIS KUTIS, over Bowling, Pa., 2-1, Neil Amateur Soccer Cup title, Pittsburgh.

TENNIS—MARTA RUENO, Brazil, over Angela Martinez, 4-6, 6-3, West of England women's singles, Bristol.

TRACK & FIELD—OXFORD-CARRIDGE, over Penn State, 2 events in 2, London. JOHNNY KELLY, Grosse Pointe, N.J. AAU 25-lap, road race, in 1:21.20, Clifton, N.J.

faces in the crowd...



ANNA DMITRIYEVA, 17, chubby Moscow schoolgirl, one of first Russians (other Andrei Patanov, 17) to compete in world tennis, made debut at Beckenham, England, won junior title in Wimbledon warmups.

K. C. JONES, longtime backcourt wizard for San Francisco and 1956 Olympic team, who was slated to play for Boston, set off Celtic war when he shifted signals, signed with Los Angeles Rams as defensive halfback.



HENRI DE LAMAZE, 40, dapper Parisian who has made French Amateur his personal property, turned up his pasting game to turn back American Tim Holland 4 and 3, won title for sixth time at Deauville.



MATT BUSBY, architect of England's great Manchester United soccer team, who survived tragic air crash, was named for C.B.E. by Queen. Others honored: Cyclist Reg Harris and Honorary Wilfrid White, O.B.E.



MARJORIE LINDSAY, veteran golfer, 31, World Amateur title, turned instructor, gave 15-year-old Andrea Cohn lesson in greens skill, walked off with 8 and 6 victory and Trans-Mississippi title at Springfield, Mo.



HARRY GALLATIN, 31, NBA all-pro affectionately referred to as "The Horse" by colleagues, retired after 10 years and record 747 consecutive games, left Detroit Pistons to coach basketball at Southern Illinois.



ADMIRAL MILO F. BEAL, U.S. Navy, World War II commander of Philadelphia Navy Yard, noted conservationist, was given Pinchot Plaque "for distinguished services in rehabilitation of the Schuylkill River."



EXHIBITING BEST FORM, Chris Freeman (left) backhands shot and Shirley Bloomer (above) slips out of a slipping slip at Wimbledon (see page 12).

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TROUT: PENNSYLVANIA: Streams N and season at peak. Young Woman's Creek bright spot, with anglers leaning to Light Catfish and Leadwing Cochin. OG.

MICHIGAN: All water L and C with FF/G. OG for browns and rainbows on Maumee, Au Sable, Pere Marquette and Au Gres. FG for brook trout in headwaters of Thunder Bay and in Maple River but weather cold, and fine touch with nymphs needed.

SHAW: Heavy rains past week brought H and R conditions to most streams, but DG for week ahead.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Lakes north of Vancouver and farther west of usual favored yielding limits to four pounds on flies. Anderson Lake and Salmon Lake in Garibaldi District particularly worthwhile. Near Kamloops old high-altitude stands by like Tawee, Surrey, Leyburn, Mile-High, Bare and Wallop lakes all in prime fly condition and PG. Streams are falling and next week should be N and C.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NOVA SCOTIA. Province now sure it is having best salmon season in years. Last week's kill numbered 248 fish to 27½ pounds. Medway and Lahave enjoying heaviest runs, but PG too in other rivers, including Tusket in Yarmouth County.

MAINE: Salmon run is blistering for Maine and is testament to fisheries workers who have done much to ensure salmon is safe. Seventy fish taken so far from Narragansett, 61 from Denys. East Machina, Machina and Pleasant: slower but OVG. Bone of Maine salmon still Norman Hathaway of Riverer who not only killed first salmon of season but 11 others since on tackle he calls "junk." Junk consists of 8-foot glass fly rod patched in several places, small and crinkly single-action reel, tattered fly line and a few Hathaway-cod fish: OVG even for anglers with \$100 bamboo rods and other high-priced equipment.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Kings now month late but beginning to move into Skagit where a 36-pounder was subdued last week. FP in Tacoma waters but some small streams showing at Scatchet Head, Possession Point and Point No Point in Seattle area. Largest angler of week was Paul Byrd of Sedro-Woolley who headed for favorite spot on Skagit and en route bagged 14-pound, 6-foot 2-inch mountain brook just outside city limits. On Skagit. Byrd got no bites.

TARPON: FLORIDA: Keys report tarpon concentration but last week high winds and rain squelched angling activity. Weather now clear and calm and OVC.

LOUISIANA. Tarpon arrived in force last week, rolling in Gulf passes and protected coastal lakes. In Little Pass in Tarnahuber Bay area Lester Filsaine of Golden Meadow gaffed four in 75- to 80-pound class. Tarpon also hitting near Grande Isle, and one of 106 pounds taken near Caminada buoy Lake Pontchartrain fish crew last OVG.

BLUEFISH: NORTH CAROLINA. Hatteras area, which has made country's biggest fallin' news of season with unprecedented run of blue marlin (over 30 since mid-May and nine last week in 400-pound category), now making more news with unprecedented run of bluefish. Fattest blues since 1935—36 season striking with abandon at vicinity of Wicomico Shoals 20 miles southeast of Oregon Inlet and tipping scales at 10 to 16 pounds. Some boats taking over 50 fish, weather ideal, and OYGE-



MASSIVE TED KLUSZEWSKI, Pittsburgh Pirates slugger, dwarfs respectable-sized 2½-pound trout he caught in Idaho's Payette River last week after Rose exhibition game.

BLACK BASS: PENNSYLVANIA. Season opened June 15. Limit six fish and no size restriction. Agent advises FG and OG, Swatara Creek and around Hawk Rock in Susquehanna likely spots. Conodoguinet also favorable for hellgramite users.

C = water clear	FG = fishing good
N = water normal height	FF = fishing fair
H = water high	FP = fishing poor
L = water low	DTG = outlook very good
R = water rocky	OG = outlook good
WT50 = $\pm 50^\circ$ 20"	OP = outlook poor

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A.-Woods Maclean 8-AF 72-AP 13-Bender
Lorenson, Evelyn C., 1906, Ironton, Mo., U.F.I.
14-Iola-Dee Jones 18-US Olympic Committee 5, Ia-
Parks, Ruth Jane, 1909, River Grove, Arizone Republic,
Dart Ambrose, Harold Sum, U.F.I. 19-Arr Arizona Los
Angeles Times QF, U.S.A. Irons 26-28-drawings by
U.F.I. 19-George L. U.F.I. before, Mass Walker U.F.I.
U.F.I. 19-George L. U.F.I. before, Mass Walker U.F.I.
33-Gerris Woodhead, 26-Jones Coyne 42-
A.U.C. 43-U.F.I. 44-George Madison N.Y. Daily
News, U.F.I. 42-Spell & General, London Experi-
ment 19-29-Buckley, George, 1906, U.F.I. 31-
Glen W. 1906, 87, 70-poll Sayre 58-Coyne
Fred Ross 49-A. Gregory Bender

COMING EVENTS

June 20 to June 29

- **Television**
- **Color telecasts**
- **Nebotized radio**
- All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

Friday, June 20

- **BOXING**
- Mike Dufkin vs. Bob Baker, heavyweight, 10 rds., Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)
- **GOLF**
- Women's National Collegiate Golf Tournament (final day), Ames, Iowa
- **HORSE RACING**
- The Thoroughbred (race), \$5,000, Hamilton, Ohio
- The Division 1 (year-old racing), \$20,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- Reading Fantasy (3-year-old race), \$17,500, Laurel, Md.
- **BOATING**
- Coast Eastern Open Start Shoot, Lerdorp, Conn. (through June 22)
- **TRACK & FIELD**
- National AAU Outdoor Championships, Berkeley, Calif. (also June 21)
- **WRESTLING**
- National AAU Championships, Los Angeles (also June 21)

Saturday, June 21

- **AUTO RACING**
- National SCCA Road America Race, Elkhart, Wis. (also June 22)
- NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Division Race, \$4,200, New Oxford, Pa.
- **BASKETBALL**
- Detroit Tigers vs. New York Yankees, Detroit, 7:30 p.m. (NBC)
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. San Francisco Giants, Philadelphia, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
- Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- **BOATING**
- Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta, Princeton, N.Y.
- **HORSE RACING**
- Coaching Club American Oaks, \$40,000, 3-year-olds (fillies), 1 1/8 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
- Inglewood Handicap, \$20,000, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/8 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 2:30 p.m. P.D.T. (Pacific Network, CBS regional)
- Ohio Derby, \$27,500, 3-year-olds, 1 1/8 m., Thaw-Dow, Ohio
- Thompson State Handicap, \$20,000, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/8 m., Delaware Park, Del.
- The Unwashed, \$20,000, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f. (also coast), Arlington at Washington Park, Ill.
- **TENNIS**
- USTA Eastern Clay Court Championships, Hackettstown, N.J. (through June 23)

Sunday, June 22

- **BASKETBALL**
- Chicago White Sox vs. Baltimore Orioles, Chicago, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
- Milwaukee Braves vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Milwaukee, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- **GOLF**
- NIAA Championships, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 23)
- **MOTORCYCLING**
- National 100-mile Championship Race, \$5,100, Lanesville, N.H.
- **TENNIS**
- USTA Middle States Clay Court Championships, Wilmington, Del. (through June 23)

Monday, June 23

- **BOXING**
- Oss Woodard vs. Willie Green, middleweight, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (Mutual)
- **TENNIS**
- USTA Middle States Clay Court Championships, Wilmington, Del. (through June 23)

Tuesday, June 24

- **HORSE RACING**
- Charles B. Howard Stakes, \$25,000, 2-year-olds (colored geldings), 5 1/2 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- **BASKETBALL**
- Cleveland Indians vs. Baltimore Orioles, Cleveland, 7:10 p.m. (CBS)

TENNIS
USTA College Girls' Championships, St. Louis (through June 23)

Wednesday, June 25

- **BOXING**
- Bobby Boyd vs. Ray Calhoun, middleweight, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- **GOLF**
- Penn. Pro-Am Tournament, \$20,000, East Norwick, N.Y.
- **HORSE RACING**
- Sympson Handicap, \$25,000, 4-year-olds and up, 1 1/8 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.
- Reading Fantasy (3-year-old race), \$17,500, Laurel, Md.
- **HORSE SHOW**
- Detroit Horse Show, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. (through June 29)
- **BOATING**
- Sea's Race Round-up and Quarterhorse Show, \$5,500, Vernon, Texas (through June 25)

Thursday, June 26

- **GOLF**
- Penn. Championships, \$20,000, East Norwick, N.Y. (through June 28)
- U.S. Women's Open, \$7,000, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. (through June 28)
- **HORSE RACING**
- Carter Handicap, \$25,000, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- **BOATING**
- Adams Race vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweight, 10 rds., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**
- The Dream Team (3-year-olds), \$20,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- **HORSE SHOWS**
- Southern California Exposition National Horse Show, Del Mar, Calif. (through July 6)
- New Braunfels Horse Show, New Braunfels, N.J. (through June 29)
- **TRACK & FIELD**
- National U.S. Pentathlon Championships, El Paso, Calif.

Friday, June 27

- **BOXING**
- Adams Race vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweight, 10 rds., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**
- The Dream Team (3-year-olds), \$20,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- **HORSE SHOWS**
- Southern California Exposition National Horse Show, Del Mar, Calif. (through July 6)
- New Braunfels Horse Show, New Braunfels, N.J. (through June 29)
- **TRACK & FIELD**
- National U.S. Pentathlon Championships, El Paso, Calif.

Saturday, June 28

- **AUTO RACING**
- SCCA Watkins Glen Classic Sports Car Race, Watkins Glen, N.Y.
- NASCAR Grand National Division 60-mile Race, \$4,200, Hickory, N.C.
- **BASKETBALL**
- Milwaukee Braves vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Milwaukee, 2:20 p.m. (NBC)
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Philadelphia, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
- **BOATING**
- Thruway Cup Race, ungraded hydro, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho (also June 29)
- Copper Cup Race, ungraded hydro, Polson, Mont. (also June 29)
- The General George B. Patton Trophy Cruiser Race, Marblehead, Mass. (also June 29)
- **HORSE RACING**
- Arch Ward Memorial, \$20,000, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/8 m. (dark race), Arlington Park, Wash.-exits Park, Ill.
- The Leonard Handicap, \$25,000, 3-year-olds, 1 1/8 m., Delaware Park, Del.
- Vanity Handicap, \$20,000, 3-year-olds and up (fillies and mares), 1 1/8 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 2:30 p.m. P.D.T. (Pacific Network, CBS regional)
- Boston Handicap, \$25,000, 3-year-olds and up, 7 f., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
- **TENNIS**
- Professional Tournament, Los Angeles (through July 6)
- USTA Tri-State Championships, Cincinnati (through July 6)
- USTA New York State Championships, Bay-side, N.Y. (through July 6)

Sunday, June 29

- **AUTO RACING**
- 260 Miles of Monza, Monza, Italy
- NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile Race, \$4,200, Waverly, N.C.
- U.S. National Motor 100-mile Championship Race, Langhorne, Pa.
- **BASKETBALL**
- Cleveland Indians vs. Baltimore Orioles, Cleveland, 7:10 p.m. (CBS)



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THE MOMENT OF RECORD

World track marks were towered in the NCAA meet, tuneup for this weekend's AAU championships which will determine most of the U.S. team for the big July battle in Moscow

by **TEX MAULE**

IN THE lonely world of exhaustion, where track records are set, the determining factor is usually psychological. This was again amply demonstrated when the best college track and field performers in the United States decided the 37th annual National Collegiate Track and Field Championships in sun-splashed Berkeley, Calif. last week.

Glenn Davis, a rubber-faced, cheerful young man who already holds the world record in the 400-meter hurdles, set another world record in the 440-yard dash; Eddie Southern, a truly brilliant quarter-mile runner from Texas, might have outrun Davis had he run more and worried less. Charlie Tidwell of Kansas ran the fastest 220-yard low hurdle race around a curve in the recorded history of mankind because he neither saw his opposition nor bothered about it. And Don Bowden, the crashee-like Californian who is the only American to run a sub-four-minute mile, lost a tactical battle to imperturbable Ron Delany, of Villanova and Ireland, in the mile.

Delany, who won the mile in 4:03.5, then returned to the iron-hard track an hour later to win the half mile in 1:48.6, analyzed his victory over Bowden simply.

"Don has been thinking about this race for a year," the bony-faced Irishman said. "He's been planning to run

the half under two minutes and the three-quarters in three flat, and he worried about it so much he couldn't run for worrying when the time came. I run every week. I'm used to taking each race as it comes. This was just another race to me."

Bowden, who must have taken heart from the Delany-Elliott race a week before this meet (SI, June 16), tried to match Elliott's tactics without Elliott's amazing stamina. Elliott had set a tremendous pace for three-quarters with Delany hanging doggedly in his shadow, then tacked a whistling anchor lap to the first three to leave Ron staggering far behind at the finish. Bowden, too, set a tremendous pace for three laps. His half and three-quarter times (two minutes flat and just over three minutes), were nearly precisely the same as Elliott's, but Delany, who learned a valuable lesson against Elliott, stayed well off the pace in this race. He was 35 yards behind Bowden going into the anchor lap, but the tremendous Delany kick was intact, and as the field hit the backstretch, Bowden faltered and Delany, the odd, turkey-trot running style still strong and smooth, closed the gap quickly. He assumed the lead around the final turn and then just walked away.

Bowden, his mouth dry and tacky from his effort, said, "Something went

wrong with my gas machine. The only way you can beat Delany is to run a real fast three-quarters. But when I got through with the three-quarters I didn't have any poop left. It was a 4:06 day for me and that was that. I'm going to run the mile again at the AAU meet in Bakersfield next week. I know I can run a good mile. This just wasn't the day."

It wasn't Eddie Southern's day, either. He faced an old bugaboo in Ohio State's Glenn Davis and, although it is very unlikely that anyone could have beaten Davis' world record 45.7 in the quarter, Southern's effort was far off his best of the season.

This race may have been won two years ago on a plane bound for the Melbourne Olympics, when Southern and Davis, both competitors in the 400-meter hurdles, were seat mates. Davis, a happy soul who seldom worries about a race, had beaten Southern in the AAU championships and final Olympic trials, and he didn't let Southern forget it on the long plane ride. By the time he had beaten Southern again for the Olympic championship, the Texan had developed a strong inferiority complex about Davis.

In the NCAA finals last Saturday, Davis drew the outside lane, with the whole field behind him in the staggered start of the two-turn quarter mile. Southern, running in lane four, had a clear view of his nemesis, ahead of him and to his right.

Southern came out of his blocks in a scrambling rush and set out after Davis with a blazing pace for the first 220 yards. As the field turned into the backstretch, where their relative

continued

Photograph by Jack Fields

TRACK HISTORY was written at instant this breathtaking picture was made. Ohio State's versatile speed man, Glenn Davis, both feet off the ground, snaps the tape (a millitant fragment is visible on right) while the hand on left clocks Davis' record-shattering quarter-mile effort.



THE AAU: PROVING GROUND FOR THE MARCH ON MOSCOW

THE SPRINTS

Bobby Morrow, the Olympic champion who has used up his NCAA eligibility, tused up for the AAU with a 9.4 160 and a 20.8 220 around a curve in a regional meet last week. Although Ed Collymore, Ira Murchison and young Ray Norton of San Jose State all looked

impressive in the NCAA, none of them, so far, can be rated with Morrow. After a slow start, Bobby is running with all the effortless power of his Olympic period. Dave Sims, who might have offered Morrow strongest competition, is again out with a leg injury at a critical time.



THE 440-YARD DASH

With pennies Glenn Davis retiring gracefully to the 440-yard hurdles, Eddie Southern should win the quarter mile in a canter. Jack Yerman, a very promising sophomore from California, was closing fast on Southern at the end of the NCAA 440 and ran a creditable 46.6,

but Southern, seeing himself well beaten by Davis, had pulled up. Without Davis to worry about, Southern can run his own race and that is good enough to beat anyone in the country—or the world—but Davis. Should Charlie Jenkins enter, he would be a strong darkhorse.



THE MILE RUN

Although Don Bowden finished a badly beaten fourth in the NCAA mile, he is still the fastest American miler, and he has been working carefully toward a peak for the AAU meet. Jim Grelle of Oregon and Galt Hodgson of Oklahoma beat him in the NCAA, when he was

concentrating too much on beating Ron Delany, but although Australians Herb Elliott and Merv Lincoln should finish one-two, Bowden is a good bet to finish third ahead of Grelle. The Oregon runner has improved mightily this season, though, and may be ready by now.



THE THREE-MILE RUN

America has always been well below world standards in distances from the mile on; this year is no exception. Alex Henderson, who won the NCAA two-mile as he pleased, is an Australian under an American State shirt. Deacon Jones of Iowa, who finished second to him—

albeit a distant second—is apparently back in form after a midseason lapse, and little Max Trues of USC may find the three-mile better fitted to his measured pace. Jerry Stewart, the long-legged Houston runner, is improving, but not enough to cope with this company.



THE HIGH HURDLES

Elias Gilbert of Winston-Salem and Teammate Francis Washington, who has pushed Gilbert to tremendous times this season, could finish one-two in this event, especially since Keith Gardner, the Jamaican who competes for Nebraska and finished second in the NCAA,

will not be at the AAU. Willie May of Indiana and Bob Lawson of USC finished strong at the NCAA, both of them a half step ahead of Washington, who was off balance over two hurdles. Gilbert ran with a taped leg to relieve a muscle strain, but on form should win easily.



THE LOW HURDLES

Gilbert set a new world's record of 22.1 seconds in this event in May at the Carolina AAU meet and beat Washington by less than a step. Washington and Gilbert were even over the last hurdle, which Washington tip-flicked with a knee. Kansas' Charlie Tidwell must be rated

even with the two Winston-Salem hurdlers off his great performance in the NCAA. If Gilbert's leg is ready, any one of the three could again lower his American record of 22.8 seconds around a turn, particularly with the trip to Russia as a reward. Best bet: Tidwell on an outside lane.



THE SHOTPUT

Perry O'Brien and Bill Nieder, until the last three weeks the only shotputters in the world who had been over the magic 60-foot mark, will struggle with a high school boy for the two places open on the U.S. track team, who will be chosen from the AAU winners. Dallas Long, who

turned 18 last week, a 250-pound junior whale from North Phoenix High School, hit 61 feet 1/2 inch to place second to O'Brien's 62 feet 3/4 at the Compton Invitational June 6. His coach says he'll reach 70 feet—but not at the AAU. So powerful O'Brien is again the choice.



THE DISCUS

The flying saucer brigade is headed by two young men who have sailed the dozen 260 feet. Unfortunately, Rick Bahls of USC overshoot the range and dropped his discus into a drainage ditch and Al Gertler of Kansas was throwing downhill, so neither throw can be recognized as a

record. Gertler and Bahls wound up in a rare tie at the NCAA, both marking 186 feet 2 inches, well shy of their best. There is strong likelihood of a new world record in this event, and it should stand up this time. On consistent performance, Al Gertler should win again.



THE BRAD JUMP

Greg Bell of Indiana and Kansas' Ernie Shelby have both been over 26 feet this year; Shelby, in a tremendous exhibition of consistent length and consistent fouling, was over 26 feet on five of seven jumps at the Texas Relays. Once he soared 26 feet 9 inches, three-quarters of an inch

over the world record held by James Green—but he stepped a quarter inch over the edge of the take-off board. Bell failed to qualify for the finals at the NCAA, favoring an injured leg; with a week's rest he may be better at the AAU, but the erratic Mr. Shelby is the favorite.



THE HIGH JUMP

Charlie Dumas, who has jumped higher than any man in recorded track history with flat shoes, may have to match his world record of 7 feet 1/2 inch to beat SMU's Don Stewart and Phil Reavis of Villanova. All three have been over 6 feet 10 this year; Dumas cleared 6 feet 11 1/2 in a

USC-Occidental dual meet in April. Stewart started slowly enough but hit 6 feet 10 1/2 and barely missed 7 feet 1/2 inch in the Houston Meet of Champions. Reavis, at 5 feet 9 1/2, is probably the strongest jumper for his height in the world and he is consistent. Olympian Dumas is the pick.



THE POLE VAULT

In the continuing assault on the 16-foot ceiling in the pole vault, Bob Gutowski is rated by men who know vaulting best as the most likely to succeed. He holds the world record at 15 feet 9 1/2 inches and is probably the most consistent 15-plus vaulter since Cornelius Warner-

dam. His competition will essentially come from other vaulters who were not eligible for the NCAA—Ron Morris, ex-USC, and Don Bragg, ex-Villanova. Jim Brewer, who set a high school record of 15 feet, is a few inches short of the leaders, but coming up and is big hope of future.



speeds could be judged for the first time, he moved up steadily on Davis. But by the time they hit the second turn Southern had begun to tire and Davis, who had run with beautiful and relaxed smoothness all the way, kicked and pulled away quickly on the wide curve and down the straightaway to the tape.

"All I was thinking about when I was waiting for the starter's gun was getting a good start, then run smooth and level off and kick at the end," Davis said later. He was lying on a rubbing table in the dressing room with Southern not far away. "I wanted to stay relaxed and move out when I saw someone coming. I didn't see Southern until the second curve, then I saw him coming out of the corner of my eye and I moved out. I felt tight down the stretch, but I surprised myself. I had a lot left at the finish. Did I look tight?"

"No," someone said, and Southern broke in.

"I guess I'll never be the competitor you are, Glenn," he said sadly. Davis embarrassedly mumbled, "Thanks."

"When he moved I just couldn't," Southern confessed. "It makes you stop and wonder, not being able to

beat him. That might have had an effect on the outcome."

The second world record of the meet was set by Charlie Tidwell, who, like Davis, followed the outside lane to the tape. Tidwell ran the 220-yard low hurdles around one curve in 22.7 seconds; this is not a recognized world record since the event is usually run on a straightaway, but the fastest previous time recorded in track annals was a 22.8 run by Elias Gilbert last year. Gilbert, who won the high hurdles here, dropped out of the lowa because of a pulled leg muscle.

"I was afraid of that outside lane at first," Tidwell said. "Turned out to be a good thing. I got a bad habit of looking at the other guys in a hurdle race when I ought to be looking at the hurdles. Do that and one of the hurdles is liable to jump up and bite you. I couldn't see anybody else this time, so I watched the hurdles."

The majority of the athletes who competed in the NCAA headed for Bakersfield and the national AAU championships this weekend, with a trip to Russia and a U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet awaiting the first- and second-place winners there.

Bowden and Southern should be back in form at Bakersfield. Delany, who has finished his college career and who would not be eligible for the

Russian trip since he is not an American citizen, will return to Ireland to run in a meet there, so that Bowden's competition, although it includes Australia's great Herb Elliott and his running mate, Merv Lincoln, should not have quite so fearsome a psychological effect on him. Davis, content with his world record and his continuing mastery over Southern, has decided to forgo the 440-yard run to return to the 440-yard hurdles, and Southern won't have the muscular, sunburned Ohlson to look for in his race.

Some of the winners in the NCAA will find the competition at Bakersfield a good deal tougher. John Fromm, who broke his own collegiate record in the javelin with a towering 257-foot one-inch throw, must contend with veterans Steve Seymour and Bud Held, both of whom have, at one time or another, bettered that distance. And the winning sprinters in the NCAA—Ira Murchison of Western Michigan in the 100 and Villanova's surprising Ed Collymore in the 220—will now have a special psychological problem to match the ones which slowed Southern and Bowden: Bobby Morrow, the Olympic champion from Abilene Christian College, will be competing at Bakersfield. **END**



AGONIZED EFFORT from Harold Connolly, who will throw hammer at Bakersfield.



CONCENTRATED push lofts shot over magic 60 feet for Parry O'Brien, world's best.



CROSS-LEGGED javelin star Bud Held may hurl the projectile to new U.S. record.

SPECTACLE

Paintings by Walter Gotschke

The Color and Emotion of Le Mans

**A noted artist who loves racing
records the night-and-day drama
of the famed French race that
is due again this weekend**



THE LE MANS scenes in watercolors on the following four pages are from the brush of a man who wanted to draw automobiles when he was 10 years old. But there was one insurmountable problem: motor cars were practically nonexistent in the remote part of the Sudeten Mountains of Austria (now Czechoslovakia) where Walter Gotschke was born in 1912 and where he lived until he went away to architectural school at the age of 16.

Soon after reaching the city, Gotschke became fascinated by the cars, particularly the racing variety, of which he had dreamed all his life. He abandoned architecture for art and became a professional illustrator for Mercedes and later for the German division of Ford. These vivid episodes from his 1956 Le Mans portfolio bring all the automotive enthusiasm of this distinguished artist to one of motor racing's premier events.

At 4 p.m. this Saturday the starter's flag will dip at the end of a countdown at the Le Mans course in western France. At that moment, 55 helmeted drivers will dash from their ready stations (see sketch left) to the long, silent row of cars across the track. Then the drivers will start their engines and begin the 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance.

Hotels for miles around the 8.4-mile road course have been booked solid for weeks; campers are already congesting the adjacent green fields; racing enthusiasts are debating the merits of the 15 different makes of entries from four countries. Liveliest speculation concerns whether a powerful Ferrari team can snatch victory from Britain's D Jaguars, Lister-Jaguars and Aston Martins. In the stands and on the fields some 200,000 spectators will be on hand to find out.

DAWN *pink* the sky over long Mulsanne straight at Le Mans,
as a D Jaguar, headlights still blazing, leads an Aston Martin







HOMESTRETCH at Le Mans is flanked by pits (center) and grandstands. Here an Aston Martin leads a pack of D Jaguars into the first turn after the straight. Press box towers at the extreme right.



PIT STOP

at night sends Porsche team into action. Driver Von Trips reports to Team Manager Von Haselstein as Co-Driver Von Frankenberg prepares to take over. Mechanics refuel, check car.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Oval Halo

IN CHICAGO the other day, John I. Kirkpatrick, the University of Chicago's vice-chancellor for administration, told a lettermen's reunion that their alma mater saw no way of resuming big-time football and then found himself off on a philosophical kick about the worth of it all.

"In four years of college football," mused Mr. Kirkpatrick, himself an old lineman from Lehigh, "I figure I spent 800 hours in uniform. About one-fifth were devoted to playing the game. Most of my time was spent in falling on the ball, tackling the dummy, signal drills, and none of this was much sport."

"Not once since my college days have I called up the 21 others to see if they wanted to play some football." Mr. Kirkpatrick thinks now he might have spent his football time better on tennis, golf or "some other carry-over sport."

Mr. Kirkpatrick looked out at the other football veterans and went on: "That son of yours who is a pretty nice guy weighing 150 pounds stands a very tiny chance of making a football team. Boys of all different sizes stand a chance of becoming a varsity player in swimming, track, wrestling, boxing, tennis—but not in football."

"I have said all these things about football in order to cut off part of the oval halo that many people thrust about football's headgear."

Mr. Kirkpatrick then summed it all up. "Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying these debits outweigh the credits of football. I'm very glad I played the game. . . . I'd do it again."

In fact, Mr. Kirkpatrick concluded, what made him most angry was the fact that the present "swollen proportions" of the game made it

impossible for the University of Chicago to get back into it.

Blue by Three

THE WIND finally died at twilight, and the patient crews paddled slowly to the starting line under the New London railroad bridge where the Thames River spills into Long Island Sound. The nor'wester had blown all day, sweeping the skies crystal blue, sending the gulls soaring

until they were mere specks in the heaven. Now, an hour after the scheduled start, the wind quit, as though weary of defying 107 years of Yale-Harvard rowing tradition, and the whitecaps melted into long, gentle swells. It was good water for rowing.

Harvard took a slight lead at the start of the four-mile race. The Crimson racing start was higher, more prolonged than Yale's, and shortly the naked, glistening shoulders of the

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Harvard oarsmen told of their effort. Yale settled to a 28 beat early in the race and remained content to trail by a few feet until the mile mark. Then Yale Coxswain Bill Becklean called upon his blue-clad eight to raise the stroke a beat. Yale, still understroking Harvard, went slightly ahead.

A four-mile boat race is one of the most testing trials in sport. It is a classic distance that gives a true test of rowing technique and conditioning. Somewhere past the two-mile mark each oarsman has to reach to the depths of his endurance to find a store of energy tucked away for exactly this occasion. To some it comes mechanically, to others with great mental effort. To a few, it does not come at all.

At the 2½-mile mark Yale began to pull out though neither crew had changed its beat. Bob Zeeb, the Harvard No. 4, seemed to be in trouble.

Zeeb's head sank to his chest and his face was contorted with the agony of breathing. He later said a burning filled his lungs and something seemed to explode in his head. Miraculously, he kept rhythm with the other oars, but his motions were merely reflexive. At the 3½-mile mark Zeeb missed water on two successive strokes. Mike Zaromakus, behind Zeeb in the No. 3 seat, splashed water on him in a

frantic effort to keep Zeeb conscious. It helped, but not much. Yale by now had open water and was still moving away. That was the race.

The Elis won by three lengths and finished out their first undefeated season since 1934. It was a great day for Yale and a fine victory, but more than a few of the horns and sirens blaring from the flotilla of yachts at the finish were for the fine race rowed by Harvard and the gallant show of discipline and courage put on by the Crimson's No. 4.

To Ship a Shell Shipshape

IF THERE is anything more vexatious to transport than a pole vaulter's pole or a platypus, it is certainly an eight-oared shell, which, although it is 62 feet long, is of such spindly construction that it weighs only 285 pounds. During the past fortnight the shipping problem has been solved four ways for the four shells which have been sent to England for the Royal Henley Regatta.

The University of Washington's shell, housed in a three-sided cover of one-eighth-inch plywood by its solicitous builder George Pocock, was racked on a special frame in a 70-foot baggage car for the rail trip to New York. In New York the boat was

transferred by trailer to Idlewild where it was slipped into a neo-loading Constellation for the flight to London.

The shell of the Harvard 150-pound crew, on the other hand, was boxed in an intricate 11-piece crate designed by Harvard carpenters and assembled at dockside in Boston before being loaded on the United States Lines steamer *American Packet*. And the Washington-Lee High School shell was transported by a trailer built in the school's manual training class from Arlington, Va. to New York, where it too was shipped abroad by air.

The most ingenious and delightful solution was that of Connecticut's Kent School, which, after all, is an old hand at shell shipping, having participated at Henley on 12 occasions. Quite early one morning this week, before the traffic became thick, a Kent truck, the shell riding atop, pulled up at the Cunard pier in New York. Coach Tote Walker and his crew took their shell down, marched it up the gangplank of the *Queen Mary* and proceeded into the Pig and Whistle, the sailors' bar. There, with the assistance of the *Queen's* crew, they hung it athwartships from the ceiling, where the sailors may contemplate its delicate lines while drinking their grog.

A Visit with Cavan

I'M NO EXPERT ON race horses, "Tom," said the visitor to Stall 5, Barn 26, at Monmouth Park in New Jersey.

"Well, if that is so," said Tom Barry, the Irish-born trainer of the Irish-bred Cavan, pronounced Cuan, "you're the first man I've met who wasn't."

"But I can see," said the visitor, peering into the stall where the handsome chestnut, fresh from his victory in the Belmont Stakes, was having his dinner, "that this is a beautiful specimen of a horse. Tell me, Tom, where did I get the impression that he wasn't?"

"I don't know," said Tom Barry, a heavy-set man with not a gray hair in his head although 50 past.

They Said It

TOMMY HOLT, announcing metamorphosis into *Tom-Tempered Tommy* after a first-round 71 in the U.S. Open that he went on to win (see page 34): "Before, when I missed a shot, I wanted to kill myself. Now I try to forget it. I didn't get religious or anything like that. Just gave myself a good talking to. See what a sweet thing I've become?"

HAROLD CARTER, poetry-reading heavyweight, asked—after he had won a unanimous decision over *Willi Bermanoff*—if he had any poetic thoughts during the fight: "I ran over a few lines, 'If you can keep your head, while all around you men are losing theirs.'"

PURCEY CHERUTTY, coach of the sub-4-minute wiler *Herb Elliott*, lamenting the small financial rewards of the amateur athlete: "A guy like Elliott tears his insides out and what does he get? A wristwatch when he's already got two."

TY CORB: "I regret to this day that I never went to college. I feel that I should have been a doctor."

"He's much smaller than Tim Tam, the poor unfortunate," said the visitor.

"I don't think so," said Tom Barry mildly. He opened the screen to the stall and motioned to the visitor. "Come in here," he said, "and you'll see that the closer you get to him, the bigger he looks."

"Ah, yes," said the visitor. "It puts me in mind of what Billy Martin said when he was rooming with Mickey Mantle. The more clothes Mickey took off, said Billy, the bigger he got."



Cavan reached out and nibbled affectionately at Tom Barry's hand.

"Tell me, Tom," said the visitor, "is his disposition good?"

"Ah, it is," said Tom Barry, stroking Cavan's forehead. "He's the best-natured horse I ever handled. He makes no trouble for anybody. He has good manners, which is the mark of all good horses."

"Is that a fact?" said the visitor, reaching out a hand to touch Cavan's forehead.

"Look at the way his eyes are set far apart," said Tom Barry, "and the broad forehead between. That's the sure sign of intelligence in a horse. That was the thing attracted me to me when Paddy Prendergast first showed him to me as a yearling on the other side. I wanted him for the owner, Mr. O'Connell, right away, but Paddy made me take another yearling I didn't want in order to get this one."

"Tell me this, Tom," said the visitor. "I'm no expert on race horses, but why is it that some horses are so nervous and skittish all the time and others are so cool, calm and collected like this fellow here? Is it the feed or diet or what?"

"A horse," said Tom Barry, gently pushing Cavan around so as to get a better look at him, "will very often reflect the temperament of the man



"Don't mention following out until he sinks one."

who happens to be handling him."

"In other words," said the visitor, "a nervous trainer will make a nervous horse."

"It's not an infallible rule," said Tom Barry.

"But surely," said the visitor, "you yourself are a very even-tempered man."

"Ah, I don't let things bother me," said Tom Barry, giving Cavan a final pat and backing out of the stall, closing the screen again.

"I don't see any pets around the stall," said the visitor. "Doesn't Cavan need a buddy, a cat or a rooster or something?"

"No," said Tom Barry, "he's entirely self-sufficient. Now when I was training Errard King a few years ago, we had to put a goat in the stall with him to keep him happy."

"Errard King?" exclaimed the visitor. "He was owned by Gavegnano, the baker in Boston! You had a great success with him, Tom!"

"Colossal," said Tom Barry, "colossal. He won the Arlington Classic and the American Derby in 1954. He

earned more than \$300,000 in all."

Cavan, finished with his dinner, stuck his head over the screen and looked up and down the row to see what was going on. There wasn't a soul in sight except a little black-and-white dog scratching his ear. Tom Barry looked at Cavan and Cavan looked back with the wide-set eyes and the intelligence of him, as much as to say was there anything new in the *Morning Telegraph*.

"What are your plans for Cavan now?" said the visitor. "When will he run, Tom?"

"Well," said Tom Barry, letting Cavan examine the back of his hand, "he's run four Saturdays in a row. He's entitled to a rest. He'll run in the \$50,000 Providence Stakes at Narragansett on the 9th of July. Then we'll come back here to Monmouth before shipping to Chicago for the \$100,000 stakes, the Arlington Classic and the American Derby."

"Oh, ho," said the visitor. "Well, now there's an interesting bit of information. I hear that Calumet will

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

have Tim Tam's stablemate, Kentucky Pride, in the Classic and the Derby as well. Now, Tom, I think you'll have your hands full trying to beat Kentucky Pride at a mile in the Classic. But Cavan would be my choice in the Derby because a mile and an eighth is a distance of ground that suits him better. Do you agree?"

Cavan pulled his head back into the stall and went over and stood against the back wall. Tom Barry looked at his wristwatch.

"I'm due home for lunch," he said. "In fact, I'm late for it."

"Oh, I'm sorry if I've detained you," said the visitor, "and I thank you for your hospitality, I'm sure. Will your lunch be cold now?"

"Not at all," said Tom Barry. "And what if it is? It's been a pleasure talking to an expert."

Wimbledon

WHEN PEOPLE turn their attention to the tennis championships at Wimbledon, starting June 23, they may do so with hope, skepticism or plain curiosity; but in every case they are certain to do it with interest. Lew Hoad, who won the men's singles last year, is now a professional. The scramble for the succession will take place among several players who could make Wimbledon 1958 a final steppingstone to the top ranks. One of them is Ashley Cooper, the present Australian champion, who took a short (55 minutes) and decisive drubbing from Hoad in the Wimbledon final last year. Another is Mervyn Rose, who has just won both the French and the Italian championships and at the moment is in the best form of anybody. And—to turn from Australia to the United States—it could be Barry MacKay.

Downing a quart of milk and a turkey sandwich the other day, just a few hours before his plane left for London, MacKay advanced a straightforward idea about Wimbledon: "I think I can win it." Much of his confidence came from an experience that ought to galvanize any young tennis player—two periods of touring as an amateur observer and practice target with Jack Kramer's pros. The

arrangement was made for MacKay by Kramer and by the new Davis Cup captain, Perry Jones. It was designed to add both toughness and polish to MacKay's game, with the hope that these qualities would come in handy at Wimbledon and later in Davis Cup play.

MacKay thinks it worked. "Suddenly a lot of guys I came up against didn't seem nearly as tough as before." He won at Houston's River Oaks tournament in April, and at Caracas in May. For the past few weeks he has been in New York, testing himself every day against good opposition: Dick Savitt, Victor Seixas, Donald Budge.

Still another candidate is Mal Anderson, the Australian cattle rancher who is the present United States champion. When he came from an unseeded nowhere to win the Nationals at Forest Hills last September, he weighed 150 pounds. Now, after two months' rest with no tennis ("There was nobody to play with") on his father's 4,000-acre Hereford ranch in Queensland, he weighs a lean 170 and is the pleased winner of a struggle in which he was cast as David and the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia as Goliath. Tennis was involved, of course, but actually it was one of those heartwarming battles in which love conquered all.

Anderson married a pretty Australian girl named Daphne Emerson last October. Like many a tennis player before him, he wanted to take his wife along on his travels, but no matter what arrangements he proposed the LTAA turned thumbs down. No, he could not set up a private itinerary

and accept travel expenses from tournament directors. Yes, he was wanted on the Australian team, but he could not go second class and use the money thus saved to pay part of Daphne's way. There were Americans who offered to finance another appearance of the tense and brilliant youngster who walked off with their championship last year, but, no, Anderson could not accept the money.

Anderson's answer was to withdraw from the Australian team, and so get along without either LTAA orders or LTAA money. He and his father are footing his travel bills, of which there will be some \$3,000 worth.

His wife is with him. If Anderson should win at Wimbledon, with Daphne on the sidelines, it would be a popular victory.

Althea Gibson, the women's singles champion last year, now finds herself seriously threatened from each side of the Atlantic by a teen-age girl. Maria Bueno of Brazil, who is 19, won four titles on the Caribbean and American circuit last winter, then took the Rome championship in her first European appearance. The tennis world is agreed that 5-foot-5 Maria is a coming champion. "Principally," says William Talbert, "she moves—and moves in the right direction. Unlike most women, she goes to the net at every opportunity." Already Maria has beaten most of the top-ranked U.S. players, and once she came close to beating Althea Gibson herself.

Althea's other worry is 17-year-old Christine Truman of England. Last year Christine, who had hoped to get as far as the third round at Wimbledon, went all the way from total obscurity to the semifinals. There her game fell apart under Althea Gibson's attack. Last Saturday, however, it was a different story. The British women won the Wightman Cup matches (played in England this year) for the first time since 1930. The brightest victory belonged to Christine Truman, who defeated U.S. and British Champion Althea Gibson 2-6, 6-3, 6-4. It was an upset, but the kind that could happen again. No matter where you look at Wimbledon this year, everything is interesting—and anything can happen.



Stitch Hitch

He tore the cover off the ball
With vigorous attack;
The umpire took one look at it
And made him sew it back.

—ROBERT FITCH



LAMENTABLE IMPRESSION OF MANAGER JUST FIRED



LAMENTABLE IMPRESSION OF MANAGER JUST HIRED

BASEBALL'S ORGANIZATION MEN

THE FACELESS GENTLEMEN shown just above have two guilty secrets in common. The first is that each of them within the past week has been manager of the almost toothless Detroit Tigers. To many this might seem the major crime of the gentlemen in question, but the American baseball fan, like most other Americans, can forgive misfortune and even a certain amount of incompetence. The unforgivable crime is obscurity. How can you cheer or hiss a guy when you don't even know what he looks like? The trouble with the faceless Tiger managers is that nobody, or practically nobody, knows them.

The history of big league baseball shimmers with the memory of managers whose vibrant personalities dominated ball parks like the crackle of peanut shells and the scent of hot franks: the imposing figure of the Giants' great John J. McGraw, the Yankees' wiry and mercurial Miller Huggins, contentious and cantankerous Lippy Leo Durocher, who made the rhubarbs glow like rubies at Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds. The present manager of the New York Yankees has achieved a position of eminence beyond all his colleagues, not so much by fielding a

hopelessly perfect team—many a fan has become almost bored by that feat—as by talking a language that only he can understand. Everybody knows Casey Stengel. But who is Jack Tighe? And who is Bill Norman?

Jack Tighe is an amiable, hard-working "nice guy," whose two terms as manager of the Detroit Tigers have left his team in the doldrums and his face a blank in the minds of most fans. Bill Norman was the man appointed to take his place when Tighe was fired with regrets (they always regret the hell out of their decisions) by his boss John McHale last week. The response in the press was instantaneous. "Who's Norman?" everybody asked everybody else. It was a sharp reminder of the great days of yore when big league managers had to be somebody *before* they got the front-office nod. The answer was simple enough. Towering Willis Patrick Norman is known to an enormously small circle of fans as the manager of a Tiger farm team—the Charleston, W. Va. Senators—who had brought his lagging team up to third place in the American Association. McHale's reason for upping him: "He has experience as a manager."

In today's baseball, as in other

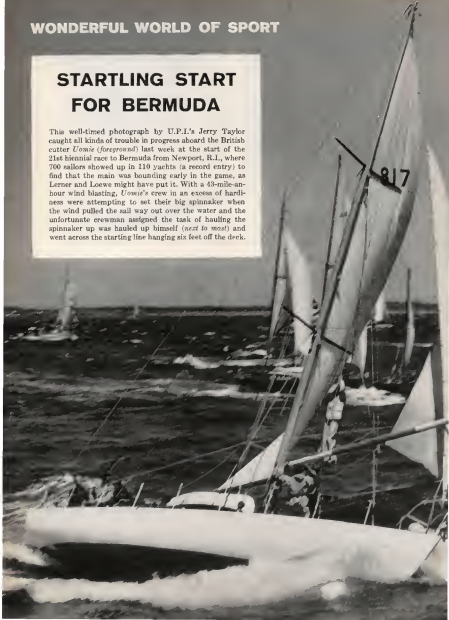
great industries, this is the age of the organization man. Bill Norman is obviously a capable, dedicated organization man. Maybe he will do for the Tigers what he did for the Charleston Senators. We hope so. If he doesn't, we know that the Detroit front office already has another meritorious branch manager in mind to succeed him. We hope, though, that Newman—oops, Norman—will restore some lost color to a national game whose major asset is its spectacular flavor. The fans in West Virginia think he will. Down there they know and admire him as a baseball nut who talks a language of his own that is almost as weird as Casey Stengel's.

He calls baseballs "seeds," pitchers' mounds "anthills," himself "Willie Card"—after a youthful admiration for the St. Louis Cardinals—and everyone else "Murph." "If the guys on the anthill hum that seed and the blacksmiths mash that hide, the Tigers will strike up the band in Detroit," say the West Virginians, following Norman's own lingo. And by Sunday, after the Tigers had taken two out of three from Boston and four straight from the Yankees, five and drum notes were swelling up from Grosse Pointe to River Rouge.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

STARTLING START FOR BERMUDA

This well-timed photograph by U.P.I.'s Jerry Taylor caught all kinds of trouble in progress aboard the British cutter *Uowie* (foreground) last week at the start of the 21st biennial race to Bermuda from Newport, R.I., where 700 sailors showed up in 110 yachts (a record entry) to find that the main was bounding early in the game, as Lerner and Loewe might have put it. With a 43-mile-an-hour wind blasting, *Uowie's* crew in an excess of hardness were attempting to set their big spinnaker when the wind pulled the sail way out over the water and the unfortunate crewman assigned the task of hauling the spinnaker up was hauled up himself (next to mast) and went across the starting line hanging six feet off the deck.





PICTURE MOSAIC OF PEOPLE

AT NEW LONDON, CONN.



OLD ELI Thomas R. Trowbridge Jr., 31, and wife (right) await start.



RIDDY AND MADRAS are worn by Mrs. Howard Young, Mrs. James W. Riley Jr.



OLD HARVARDS, Samuel A. Weldon, '04 (left), former Ambassador Winthrop W. Aldrich, '07, watch regatta.

AT TULSA, OKLA.



HURRY straw tops intent Mrs. D. Brady.



POLKA-DOTTED and patched W. A. Alexander chats with R. B. Warren Jr.



FRIZZY STRAW caps fan at fountain by Southern Hills C.C.'s 12th green.



FISH AND SEQUINS adorn hat of Mrs. Jewel White.

AT WASHINGTON, D.C.



MIDDLEWEIGHT Joey Giardello (in robe, right) and entourage proceed dubiously to Shoreham hotel ring.



EMPATHIC fan, Mrs. Roger Douzens, urges Giardello on in the 10th round.



CROWD of 350 on Shoreham terrace paid \$25 apiece to attend dinner-fight.

AT ATTENTION

The 93rd Yale-Harvard boat race, the 58th U.S. Open golf tournament and the first black-tie charity prizefight, between Joey Giardello and Franz Szuzins, drew these appreciative throngs



STRAWBERRY AND SWIMSUIT attire of Mrs. Foster Abbott, Peter Gagarin on *Little Murlie II*.



AUTHOR John P. Marquand, Harvard '15, Donald Parson are aboard *Zephyr*.



YALE and dates aboard hired boat *Gypsy* sprawl on deck full of sun and Greenwich.



SKIRT-WHIPPING wind failed to allay the blistering 100° temperature, which made the tournament test of stamina as well as of golf.



FLOPPY beach hat shelters Irma Karas of Tulsa (left), while an absorbed spectator in a curious bandana has a bite.



ANXIOUS Mrs. Vera Foster cheers for Giardello. He won.



GERMAN Minister's wife, Mrs. Franz Krapf, eyes Carmen Basilio, eyeing fight.



FRENCH AMBASSADOR Hervé Alphand points out the ring to his bride. It was the Alphands' very first prizefight.

BOLT UPRIGHT

Once terrible-tempered, Tommy confirmed his new role of Gentleman Tom and in severe conditions became the first golfer since Hogan to spread-eagle a U.S. Open field

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

FOR a decade now, Tommy Bolt, a man in whom the Barrymore strain runs strong, has attracted such attention by throwing clubs, announcing his reformation, throwing tantrums, announcing his reformation, talking a bit too ebulliently in the wrong situations, announcing his reformation, and all in all building himself into such a successfully controversial personality (known variously as Thunder Bolt and Terrible-tempered Tommy) that sometimes he has succeeded in almost completely obliterating the primary fact that he is one of golf's finest shotmakers. Well, Tommy will now have a much harder time obscuring his upright standing as a sound technician and player of unusual talent. Last week, over the very arduous Southern Hills course in Tulsa, Okla., Thomas Henry Bolt who, at the age of 39, has won his share of tournaments but never before a major championship, carried off the 58th U.S. Open and carried it off with great aplomb and a wonderfully sustained exhibition of careful and commanding golf.

Over a course which could be terrible-tempered in its own right, Bolt played his four rounds without once going over 72, a feat that takes on a lot more dimension when you realize that no other player in the field escaped without scoring at least a 73 on one round. During the full course of the tournament, Bolt was never behind. His opening 71 placed him in a triple tie for the lead. Another 71 gave him a one-shot margin at the halfway mark which he widened to three shots with a superb 69 on Saturday morning. On Saturday afternoon, on his fourth and final round, he started somewhat loosely but col-

lected himself without a gesture and was never in serious difficulty en route to a 72 and a total of 283, a comfortable four shots ahead of the runner-up, Gary Player of South Africa. In retrospect, it was Bolt's tournament all the way, and he becomes the first man to win this championship by more than a single stroke since Hogan spread-eagled the field at Oakmont in 1953.

Bolt's best-played 18, very possibly, was his opening 71. On this round he missed only two fairways. Accuracy of this high degree was very

LEADING SCORES AT THE OPEN

TOMMY BOLT	71	71	69	72	283
GARY PLAYER	75	68	73	71	287
JULIUS BOROS	71	75	72	71	289
GENE LITTLE	74	73	67	76	290
BOB ROSSBURG	75	74	72	70	291
WALTER BURNING	75	74	70	72	291
JAY MESERT	77	76	71	69	293
DON JANUARY	79	73	68	73	293
DICK MEYER	71	74	73	71	293
TOMMY JACOBS	76	75	71	71	294
SEN HOGAN	75	73	75	71	294
FRANK STRAUBACH	72	72	75	75	294

important, for the Oklahoma-grown Bermuda grass rough, though not quite so high as an elephant's eye, was tall and thick and matty and so altogether defeating that frequently the only prudent move was to take the wedge and play humbly back to the fairway. This fearsome rough, moreover, was only one element among the several which, when linked together, conspired to make

Southern Hills on the first day of the Open a brutally unfair test of golf skill.

To begin with, the players had to contend with a gusty wind from out of the southwest which made it difficult to hit ample fairways and to gauge the shots to the greens. Nothing wrong with this. This is part of golf, of course. By noon, however, this wind had dried out the well-watered greens. They quickly became so hard that, especially when a player was hitting an approach downwind, the ball would not sit down even when it had been struck well. In addition—and this was really the straw that broke the camel's back—the pins had been positioned, with few exceptions, in extremely tough and sometimes ludicrous positions on the severely contoured greens. On a number of downwind holes they were at the deep front of the trapped green. On several terraced greens they were set just above the crest of the upslope, with the result that the approach shot that landed next to the pin just above the slope (as a good shot had to) took off like a jack rabbit and left the player, not with a fairly short putt, but with a 30-footer or more or a chip from the fringe rough. It is not being at all extravagant to state that most of the players were overcome with a sense of grogginess after suffering through their first series of misfortunes, and after a while it just took the heart out of them and they could fight the conditions no more. Not that statistics ever tell the story but, for what it is worth, on the first day the 162 players collected among them a total of only 141 birdies and one eagle, with 88 of the birds and the eagle coming on the downwind par-5 16th, the one comparatively soft touch on the course.

Southern Hills, when a wind is roaring over it, and it almost invariably is, presents a very sturdy test for even the best golfers without needing to be souped up as if it were a hotel-resort course that would otherwise be a pushover. For the second and ensuing rounds—bearing in mind that southwestern courses naturally present certain distinct problems of

preparation—it was treated properly. The pins were set in much more sensible positions. The greens, regardless of Open traditions, were watered at regular and frequent intervals. Then there was a premium for hitting good shots and all of a sudden it seemed like golf again.

The turning point—and a dramatic one it was—came midway through the second day when Gary Player, a very attractive golfer, cut loose with a great burst of five birdies on his second nine to bring in a 68. Until this happened, everyone was wondering if the par of 70 would be broken at any time during the tournament, and young Player was cheered quite in the spirit of a St. George who had slain a dragon. After this everyone knew the course would yield to brilliant golf, and the Open settled down and became a good Open, somewhat akin in its general flavor to the 1955 edition at Olympic, if less exciting because of its milder drama on the final day.

Bolt began that final day with a one-shot edge on Player, 2 on Frank Strazschan, 4 on Julius Boro and Charley Coe (the low amateur all the way) and 5 on Gene Littler. Only Littler and Boro were able to mount anything like serious challenges. Hitting his shots better than he has since Kittansett in the 1953 Walker Cup match, Littler made a stirring rush in the morning. At one time 4 under par, he finished that round with a 67 to draw within three shots of Bolt. He started his afternoon round, however, with bogeys on the first two holes and never got going after that. Boro, straight as a string all day in another one of his many marvelous showings in the Open, missed a succession of holeable birdie putts when he was working on a sub-par round in the morning, and his steadiness in the afternoon made no indentation on Bolt, who was himself steadiness personified. Off the tee Tommy had erratic spells, but his irons were so solid and his putting was so right and his ability to hit the clutch shots so continuous that the long grind of 36 holes was really one triumphal march for him.

This week everyone is wondering



WITH GREAT APLOMB . . . AND A SUSTAINED EXHIBITION OF COMMANDING GOLF

what sort of a champion old Tommy will make. In a way, it is hard to know. Basically histrionic, he has always picked his roles, and they are several. When he chooses to be surly, he is very good at it. When he chooses to be Old Gentleman Tom, he can give David Copperfield two shots a side. When he chooses to be himself, he reveals a warm heart and a bright fondness for camaraderie. Not that anyone wishes to reform Tommy Bolt completely, but in recent months, beginning with the Greensboro Open, he has entered on another period of self-stated reformation, during which

time he has never (well, almost never) come close to losing his temper or deciding to lose it and he has played some of the very best golf of his career. It has been colorful enough to attract the galleries in and of itself, and he seems a happier man both on and off the golf course. Tommy, one would hazard the guess, has won the championship at exactly the right time. If he wears the conqueror's crown with the skill and the spirit with which he earned it—and he undoubtedly will—his reign should be happy and prosperous and filled with fine; gold.

END

ALL-STAR WHO CAN DO WITHOUT GLORY

by ROY TERRELL

Jackie Jensen, unsung hero of the Red Sox, doesn't mind if others get headlines. He's had them—and would rather go home

A NUMBER of spectators at the All-Star Game in Baltimore on July 8 may be surprised—when they get the mustard off their sleeves and look up to see who is stationed where—to discover that right field for the American League is occupied by a bull-necked young man in the white flannel uniform of the Red Sox.

"My goodness," they will say.

"Jackie Jensen. What in the world is he doing out there?"

The truth of the matter is that Jackie Jensen will be there because he belongs there. Everything considered, he is the best right fielder in the American League, and he has probably been the best right fielder for quite some time. The trouble with Jackie Jensen is that along about

six years ago he quit making headlines and began to make himself into a ballplayer. The results, while amply appreciated in New England, have managed to escape the notice of the rest of the world. Playing on a team which includes a super star like Ted Williams and in the same league with Mickey Mantle, a ballplayer who does not hit .350 or bash home runs in enormous quantities—nor even engage in running fights with sportswriters or kick holes in water coolers—does not find himself in the headlines very often.

There was a time, however, when the situation was quite something else. When Jensen arrived on the big league scene eight years ago, as property of the New York Yankees, he was an All-America fullback, a \$75,000 bonus baby and heir apparent to Joe DiMaggio's job in center field. He came equipped with a convertible Cadillac, curly blond hair and a somewhat puckish face, a dazzling collection of California sports clothes and a glamorous Olympic star for a wife. They said he was a cocky kid, which he perhaps had every reason to be, and a pop-off, which he never really was. Today both teammates and opponents, umpires and sportswriters and the fans who watch him from the stands in Fenway Park know him only as a friendly, pleasant, gentlemanly sort of guy, a devoted family man and a real hard-working, steady ballplayer who does just about as good a job as anyone could ask, whether it be to run or field or hit or throw. If the phrase hadn't been a bit overworked in describing others who merited it less, Jackie Jensen might even be called an old pro. Anyway, that's exactly what he is.

In the last four years, for example,

continued

THE JENSEN FAMILY—ZOE ANN, JON, JAN AND JACKIE—AT REUNION IN BOSTON





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THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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IMPORTED **Seagram's V.O.**

WORLD'S FINEST CANADIAN WHISKY



he has driven in far more runs than Detroit's Al Kaline, the tremendously gifted but erratic youngster who is generally considered the league's No. 1 right fielder. As far as that is concerned, in the same period of time Jensen has driven in more runs than Mantle, too. In fact, he has batted in more runs than anyone else in the entire American League.

RBI totals, which can sometimes make dull reading, are nevertheless the lifeblood of baseball. Jensen's are like Jensen: sensational in a quiet way. He drove in 117 runs in 1954, 116 in '55 (tie for the championship with Ray Boone), 97 in '56 (which Jackie considers his best year since he also hit .315) and 103 last year. It is true that the incomparable Williams is often on base ahead of him, but there have also been long periods of time when Williams wasn't even around—yet Jackie still drove in runs.

He also has excellent speed and one year stole 22 bases to lead the league. A Yankee scout once compared Jensen's arm to that of famed Bob Meusel. And although his pursuit of fly balls sometimes borders upon the erratic, at other times Jensen makes catches that bring a nod of approval even from Jim Fiersall, that acknowledged master of the trade who works in the adjoining field.

This year Jensen has been slamming home runs and batting in runs—and winning games—at a terrific clip. He has closed in fast on Bob Cerv's commanding early lead to rank a close second in both home runs and runs batted in. With the help of Dick Gernert and Frank Malzone, he has taken up a great deal of the slack caused by a subpar Ted Williams. Although no one has been able to detect anything resembling a pennant race in the American League, the favorable position of the Red Sox among the seven also-rans is largely a credit to the account of Jackie Jensen.

If there is any secret involved in his performance this year, Jackie doesn't know what it is. "I think it's just experience," he says. "A hitter should continue to improve up into his middle 30s, just as long as he stays in good physical condition." Then he unbuckles a size 44 uniform shirt from around a size 17 neck, and as he walks to the shower the muscles ripple across the broad back and shoulders and in the powerful legs.

There is marked unconcern in the Red Sox dressing room over Jackie Jensen's physical condition.

Since Jensen, like any other professional, wants to do his best and help his ball club, the good start and the nice words and the attention have helped to make this a pleasant season. Quite naturally, he would like to play in the All-Star Game, his previous efforts in that direction having been limited to one inning in the field in 1952 and a couple of swings as a pinch hitter in 1955 (he popped out). And though he is paid one of baseball's good salaries, in the vicinity of \$39,000, he is in no wise immune to the charm of more money. But Jensen has learned that glory is an overrated commodity and frankly he would rather be home with his family up in the beautiful country bordering Lake Tahoe than playing for the Red Sox. And that is exactly where he is going as soon as he can.

"In baseball," he sometimes muses, "you get to the point where you don't think you have a family. It just looks like I'm not built for this life like some ballplayers. You are always away from home and you're lonesome, and as soon as I can, I intend to get out."

A LONGING FOR THE QUIET LIFE

If the fact that a talented big league ballplayer should be yearning, at the age of 31, for slippers and pipe seems to smack of heresy and disloyalty to the national pastime, one needs only to examine the things which Jensen has already accomplished in his 31 years—and also the things which he has missed.

He was born in San Francisco on March 9, 1927 and grew up around the Bay area. His mother and father were divorced when he was 3 or 4 and his mother had to work 11 hours a day to support Jackie and his two older brothers. While in high school, Jackie had to work, too, in restaurants and manufacturing plants and loading freight cars.

"I didn't consider it a tough childhood," he says. "Maybe we didn't have much money but we were kids and didn't know the difference. And I really don't hold it against my father. I know now that my mother wasn't entirely without blame; she was married a couple of other times and those marriages didn't work out, either. I thought my father was dead for a long time, but then one day when I was playing football at Cal he

showed up. He seems to be a nice old guy and I see him once in a while. He's real proud of what I have done. But, of course, my mother had to work so hard to raise us that I'll never feel as close to him as I might."

A superb athlete in high school, Jensen became a varsity regular in two sports his freshman year at the University of California and, before his college career was over, a two-sport All-American as well. In football, Jensen was a powerful fullback with good speed, a fine kicker and an outstanding defensive man. He gained 1,000 yards rushing and led Cal to the Rose Bowl in his junior year. But it was in baseball, where he helped pitch Cal to the 1947 NCAA championship, that Jackie wanted to earn his living. He passed up major league offers to sign with the Oakland Oaks for \$75,000, the amount to be spread over a period of three years.

In the fall of 1949, after a mediocre but promising year in the Pacific Coast League, Jackie married another All-American named Zoe Ann Olsen and his contract was purchased by the Yankees. The Olsen and Jensen team, which Jackie never did consider a very funny gag, had discovered each other when Jackie was a lifeguard at the Athens Athletic Club and Zoe Ann was a 12-year-old still two years away from the first of 13 national diving championships.

He spent most of his rookie year on the bench, playing in only 45 games and hitting just one home run along with a miserable .171 average.

"I wasn't ready for the big leagues and I knew it. I had so much to learn. I should have been back out on the Coast playing every day."

The next spring Jensen was asked by a newspaperman down at Phoenix if he thought he could beat out the new Yankee sensation, Mickey Mantle, for the center field job. Jensen honestly answered yes.

"The story was all right," says Jackie, "but you should have seen the headline: JENSEN SAYS HE IS BETTER THAN MANTLE. Boy, did I hear about that."

As a matter of fact, he did beat out Mantle for the center field job and played there while DiMaggio was recovering from early-season injuries. Later, however, the Yankees sent both Jensen and Mantle to Kansas City.

"I guess I popped off then," he admits. "They sent me and Mickey

continued

down and called up Cerv, and he didn't do as good a job as we had. I was on the third year of that bonus contract and I figured they weren't getting much for their \$25,000 as long as I was down in Kansas City." Eventually, the Yankees must have come to the same conclusion, for they recalled Jensen along with Mantle. Jackie hit .298 for the year with eight home runs.

"Mickey and I never had any trouble," Jensen says. "In fact, we used to run around a lot together. He was a nice kid, just a kid from the country, and he was a little awed by all the attention. Now, when we see each other, he just says, 'Hi, Jackie,' and that's about it. He's got the world by the tail. But he's all right."

In the spring of 1952, with DiMaggio gone, Stengel gave Jensen a real good shot at the job. But Jackie failed to hit and it is not the Yankee way to string along with someone who does not deliver. At the end of the first week of the season, he was traded to the Senators in a six-player deal which brought Irv Noren—and quite likely another pennant—to Yankee Stadium.

"No," says Jensen. "I was never bitter about the trade. I realized how the Yankees feel about winning and they have to have the ballplayers who can win for them. I wasn't doing the job."

In particular, Jensen has never felt animosity toward Stengel. "Casey is a wonderful, sweet old guy. I think he is the smartest manager in baseball. I know he taught me more in two years than anybody before or since."

After two good seasons with the Senators, Jensen was traded to the Red Sox. Apparently Fenway Park was just what he needed. The high left field wall is only 315 feet down the line and Jensen is a pull hitter who gets the ball up in the air—which, of course, is what the Red Sox had in mind. There was a time when such an inviting target might have hypnotized him into trying to hit every pitch over the fence, but experience and the advice of men like Higgins and Williams have kept him from falling into such a trap.

If you ask Jensen how it feels to be playing second fiddle to Williams, when he might be a top star on some other club, he just shakes his head.

"The idea," he says, "never occurs to me. Why, that guy is an

institution up here. If he would just tip his cap once in a while, they would elect him mayor."

"Ted," he says, "is an amazing hitter. He has that intense desire to get a hit every time he goes up to the plate. Most batters get a hit or two and then ease up. Ted never eases up. When he has two hits, the most important thing in the world to him is getting that third one. If he has three, he wants four. When I have three, I figure I've had a real good day and I'm ready to quit. Of course, that isn't true if we're behind and need some runs. But otherwise, you find your concentration slipping and you lose the desire. At least I do."

Jensen worries more about his fielding. One of the best in the business at going back for a fly ball, he sometimes has trouble with those hit in front of him. "I think about it a lot," he says, "and then I start to go in too



THE NATION'S BEST FULLBACK, 1948

far, afraid that a ball will drop in front of me. First thing you know, they're going over my head."

"One thing he will not do," says Joe McKenney, the Red Sox publicity director, "is alibi. If he boots one, he admits it. A couple of weeks ago the Yankees beat us when Jackie misjudged a long fly ball that Berra bit almost to the stands. He was under it and ready to make the catch and

suddenly he had to lurch back to get it and the ball went off his glove."

"After the game, when the writers were asking him what happened, I could think of half a dozen excuses—the sun, the wind, the way the ball took off—but he wouldn't use a one. 'I just misjudged it,' he said. 'I should have gone back another step or two. I made a bad play.'"

Jackie's only disabling injury in a long athletic career was a shoulder separation back in his early football days. As a baseball player he has continued to stick in the lineup although banged and bruised. "I don't know," said Sox Trainer Jack Padden when someone once asked him what shape Jensen was in. "I never see the guy."

There is, however, one thing in baseball that is guaranteed to turn him pale. He hates to fly. "No," he says, "I don't get sick. I get scared." On a barnstorming trip to Japan in 1953, with a team of big leaguers under Eddie Lopat, the long flight from Okinawa to Hoesu ran into some rough weather. Jackie was tranquilly asleep under the effects of tranquilizers when he felt someone roughly shake him by the shoulder. He awoke to see Billy Martin standing over him wearing a life jacket. "There's nothing to worry about," Martin said. "I just thought you might want to know. We're going to crash."

"I had a tremendous urge," says Jensen, "to kill him."

Jackie frankly admits that when he signed his first baseball contract he wasn't looking for thrills. "I'd had all the glory I wanted," he says, "and I knew that I was never going to be a great star. I think those who are know it even when they first break in. I'm sure Ted did." But he has to admit that there have been thrills, nevertheless. "The biggest," he says simply, "is having played in the same outfield with both DiMaggio and Williams."

In the winter, the Jensens—including Jan, who will be 9 in September and looks like Zoe Ann, and Jon, who was 5 in May and looks like Jackie—live at Crystal Bay, Nev., and spend most of the time skiing and hunting and fishing. "This is all new to me," says Jackie. "I never did anything like this when I was a kid."

In his Thunderbird, he makes frequent trips down to the restaurant he owns, the Bow and Bell, in Jack London Square in Oakland. His partner, an old grade school friend and Cal teammate named Boots Erb,

has built a fine business and Jensen gives him almost complete credit for its success. In 1953, when they took over, the restaurant served 40 lunches a day. Today the average is 300.

To both Jackie and Zoe Ann, who had to do a lot of traveling herself in the steady years of diving competition leading up to and surrounding two Olympics, these winter months are the best times of the year. And to both of them the day that Jackie can come home to stay will be the best day either has ever had.

"Baseball," says Zoe, "has involved so much separation. The first few years we were married we were like newlyweds whenever he came home. You know. Shy. A little embarrassed.

"I used to try to cope with all this by moving right along with him. Twice, when we were traded, I drove to the new place, complete with the kids. I used to sit for 36 hours behind the wheel, just because it's easier than stopping when you have children. I gave that up. Now I fly.

"I haven't gone to spring training in three years now. I don't like to take the children out of school. Another reason," she adds, "is that I'm not a real baseball fan.

"Even now we move twice a year—from home to Boston in June when school is out, and back home to begin school in late August. But Jackie goes to spring training in February and he doesn't get home until October. It isn't," she admits, "very much fun.

"However," she says, "if you have a man you want to respect, you have to compromise some place. And we can look forward to the future. The restaurant, the insurance, the money we're making now. We're building security and I'm grateful for that.

"Jackie feels the same way—but at the same time he really does love baseball. He works 20 hours a day during the season, under pressure, and gets four to relax. He's out in all kinds of weather—freezing one day, soaking wet the next, then playing in 110°. He has no home, really—always living in hotels. And then he has a slump and at 4 a.m. I wake up and he's mumbling: 'Now, this should have been done this way.' I guess a man has to love this game to play it.

"I suppose his gratification comes in playing it right. He gets two for four or makes a good assist or wins a game with a home run. When he does that, he knows he's a good ballplayer. Then it's worth all the trouble and everything is all right."

END

PINK LADY FOR A HOME RUN KING

Bob Cerv, Kansas City's left fielder, has 17 home runs, 51 runs batted in and one broken jaw. He is leading the league in each department.

Cerv broke his jaw when he collided with Detroit's Red Wilson at home plate on May 17. In the hospital his jaws were wired tightly together, but not before a dental plate was removed, leaving a gap which allows Cerv to sip liquids through a straw. Three days after the accident, Cerv was back hitting home runs.

On a humid afternoon in Washington, D.C. recently, Cerv, stripped to his shorts and undershirt, sat in his hotel room waiting for room service to bring his dinner. Cerv is a huge man, well over 200 pounds, with massive shoulders, arms and legs.

"When they wired me up at the hospital," he said, "they told me I'd have to live on custards, milk shakes and baby food for six weeks. Have you ever tasted baby food? Boy, I have. I've got six kids, seven come August, and I can tell you baby food is horrible. The first day I was in the hospital they fed me gruel and I thought, 'Lord, let me out of here.' See that gadget over there? That's what saved me. I can eat almost anything with that." He pointed to a high-speed mixing machine called a Liquidizer.

"I'll show you how it works when the food arrives. It's been a lifesaver. I've been able to eat steaks. In fact, I haven't lost a pound since the accident." He rubbed his jaw softly. "I'm past the halfway point on this thing. Only two weeks more. It isn't so bad. I can't brush my teeth, of course. I use some stuff called Cepacol. That washes 'em out pretty good. I can talk all right. It really isn't hard. Try it. You just have to talk more slowly and not as often."

There was a knock on the door and a waiter wheeled in a table covered with silver serving dishes. There were two huge hamburger steaks, string beans, mashed potatoes, some cottage cheese, pears, three scoops of vanilla ice cream, two glasses of Jell-O, two containers of chocolate milk, a bowl of gravy and a bowl of clear soup.

"This may look like a lot of food," said Cerv, "but it's only two meals."

He poured the hamburger, beans, potatoes, gravy and soup into the container, then put the top on. "This



CERV ENJOYING HIS STEAK DINNER

morning I forgot it when I had the eggs, butter and bacon in there, and they shot out all over the mirror."

He turned the machine on to pulverizing, then up to Equifyng and left it there for two minutes. The finished product looked like a thick coffee milk shake. He poured half of it into a Thermos bottle for after the game. The rest he put in a bowl. He slid a paper straw into the gap between his teeth and began sipping.

"It's really not bad," he said between sips. "Try it."

He explained: "My jaw only hurts when I swing and miss and when I throw the ball. Hitting the ball doesn't hurt a bit.

"I do have a hard time breathing, especially if I have to run a lot. So I take a whiff of pure oxygen from a tank about once a game. First time I tried it I hit one of the longest home runs I've ever hit."

The Jell-O was put into the machine and converted to a pink foam. Some was left over and poured into a wine-glass for the visitor.

"Sort of look like Pink Ladies, don't they?" said Cerv.

"In that case," said the visitor, "I'd like to propose a toast to your recovery and continued success with a hat."

"I'll drink to that," said Cerv, and his tight-lipped grin revealed a network of wires. The glasses were clinked all around and with that the big man slid a fresh straw through the gap in his teeth and began emptying his glass.

—WALTER BINGHAM

Return of the champ

**Floyd Patterson trains
for a title defense against
Roy Harris at Los Angeles**

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION has been training hard and earnestly for several weeks at Kutsher's Country Club, a pleasant resort in the boozey, borscht Catskills. His diet, which for almost a year has included such delights as venison marinated in port, bolstered by the sweet-potato pies and beaten biscuits of his camp chef, Cecil Williams, now is properly Spartan. From the day Floyd Patterson put aside coq au vin, southern style, for chopped steak it has been fairly clear that he was in training for a serious contest, the first defense of his title since last August, when Pete (The Veep) Rademacher brashly put up his dukes for the championship as an inspiration to the youth of America.

It has been fairly obvious, too, that the defense would be against Roy Harris, who has just returned from the Army to his home in the suburban residential section of Cut

and Shoot, Texas. Harris is only No. 3 heavyweight challenger in Fred Saddy's authoritative National Boxing Association ratings, but Eddie Machen, No. 1, and Zora Folley, No. 2, have been eliminated for one reason or another, including the very tiresome draw they fought recently in San Francisco.

That made Harris the obvious challenger of choice, but since no one ever expects Cus D'Amato, the champion's manager, to do the obvious there were rumors that Patterson would fight Rademacher again, or that he would fight Pat McMurtry, especially since McMurtry had been beaten by Willi Bermanoff (loser of seven of his last eight bouts) and that he would, in fact, fight just about anyone but the very obvious Harris.

D'Amato, of course, did the obvious thing, chuckling the while. This week his lawyer was ready to sign for Patterson to meet Harris at Los Angeles on August 4, with Al Weill and the Hollywood Legion Stadium as copromoters. Weill got into the act because he and D'Amato are brothers in a blood feud with the International Boxing Club, a feud that began for

Weill shortly after he lost Rocky Marciano to retirement. The IBC, he claims, then snooted his remaining stable. In keeping with the spirit of the feud Jackie Leonard, Legion Stadium matchmaker, was expected to be eliminated from the enterprise because D'Amato holds that Leonard has given aid and comfort to the IBC.

Barring hitches, the fight will be the first of two or three Patterson defenses this year, according to D'Amato, who is sitting on a clutch of offers and will hatch out the most profitable when the Harris matter is disposed of.

A fight for the lightweight championship of the gashouse district will be seen June 27 (Friday-night TV) when Carlos Ortiz, a russet-haired, green-eyed Puerto Rican, takes on his old East Side neighbor, Johnny Busso, at Madison Square Garden. Both are products of the famous Madison Square Boys' Club, which teaches kids to put away switch-blade knives and fight with gloves.

It will be a neighborly affair, except that someone is likely to get hurt. Ed Ferguson, who manages Ortiz, first laid eyes on the lightweight when, at age 13, Ferguson's son Vinnie brought Carlos home as witness that he had been boxing at the Boys' Club and not carousing around. Carlos' wife, Norma, lived next door to Busso when he met her.

The fight is a fine piece of match-making, a maiden effort of Jack Barrett, successor to Billy Brown as Garden matchmaker.

Ortiz is a splendid boxer, Busso a good puncher. Busso has lost six of his 40 fights, one by knockout. He has knocked out 15 opponents but generally wears them down.

Ortiz is undefeated in 27 fights but he does have one riotous no-decision contest on his record. He knocked out Lou Filippo after the bell ending the ninth round of their first Hollywood fight—a situation that drew ugly resentment from Filippo's followers. A month later he knocked out Filippo legally for a total of nine kayos.

Ortiz is the slight choice here but it should be an even-money fight.

The Wednesday night (June 25) TV presentation pits Rory Calhoun against Bobby Boyd at Chicago Stadium. Since Rory already has knocked out Boyd, this may be regarded as an effort to improve Calhoun's sorry 1958 record. Calhoun is favored, may score another kayo.

END



LIGHTWEIGHT Carlos Ortiz first made front-page news with a small boy's tragedy, the tragic death of his dog, now wins sports-page acclaim as a promising young boxer.





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The new Argus C-44 is indeed an astonishing camera — it fairly bristles with features you look hopefully for in other cameras costing hundreds of dollars more.

For example . . . It is the only camera at or near its price that offers you the versatility of interchangeable lenses on a lightning-fast bayonet-type mount. It brings you the convenience of a quick-computing, lens-coupled range-finder-viewfinder . . . the precision of a Cintagon $f/2.8$ lens and $1/300$ shutter.

That is not all. This new C-44 for 1958 is equipped with a split-second thumb lever film advance that lets you take pictures as fast as you can flick your thumb and trip the shutter. You know what that means: you can stop action while it is active, even do story-telling sequence work.

Would you like more? The remarkable C-44 even goes so far as to give you a rapid film rewind crank that fits down into the frame, pops up when you're ready to use it, lets you reload your camera in a twinkling. All these features are built-in, and all are included in the price.

And there is an exciting new accessory: a variable-power turret viewfinder (shown on camera). This new viewfinder gives you a full-size image of what each accessory lens sees. Cost: \$24.95.

It all adds up to this one last thought: you ought to get your hands on the talented new Argus C-44—soon. The price is \$99.95.

C-44 ACCESSORIES:

100mm Telephoto Lens: \$59.50, 35mm Wide-angle Lens: \$56.50, 50mm $f/1.9$ Cintagon Lens: \$89.50, L-44 Clip-on Exposure Meter: \$17.50 with case, Flash: \$8.25, California Saddle Leather Case: \$12.50.

...its ability goes far beyond its price

The talented new Argus C-44 with rare-earth Cintagon $f/2.8$ lens and new variable-power turret viewfinder attached. Surrounding it are its accessory 100mm Telephoto and 35mm Wide-angle lenses.



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ANOTHER FINE SYLVANIA PRODUCT

A Billy Joe from Erin

**Joe Carr, a long and erratic
hitter from Dublin, wins his
second British Amateur title**

JOE CARR, the new British Amateur champion, actually hails from Dublin—a fact that is self-evident the moment he opens his mouth—but otherwise he is in many ways the Billy Joe Patton of British golf. He hits the ball a mile; he is a great recoverer from impossible places, if only because he has so much practice at it; and he possesses the enviable quality of causing all and sundry to seem to want him to win.

The Carr who won the championship a fortnight ago at St. Andrews was a different and much more formidable proposition than the one who has been seen at Walker Cup matches in the U.S. on every occasion since 1947. He has been remodeling his swing, which has always tended to be somewhat of a law unto itself, and now not only hits them straight but declares that he knows why and will therefore continue to do so. Unhappily,

he also concluded that he used, perhaps, to lose something by tending to "dash at it" without sufficient preparation before the shot, with the result that he has now gone to the opposite extreme. The final, on a course with spectators completely roped off, took three and a quarter hours—a pace which here is regarded as abominably slow.

Nevertheless, Carr's driving is now a joy to watch. In the final against Alan Thirlwell, who was the last surviving British player in the U.S. Amateur at Brookline last year, he hit one prodigious stroke which will live forever in the memory of those who saw it. Having at one time in the morning been 3 down, he had gone in to lunch 1 up. In the afternoon he was soon 3 up, but by the 11th Thirlwell had reduced him to one. It was clearly a critical moment in the game. The 12th on the Old Course measures 360 yards, and Joe's drive, through a slight left-hand wind, finished on the foot of the green. It was a truly colossal hit—every bit of 340 yards—and to add insult to injury he holed the putt for a 2. This was one of the championship's most spectacular



REVISED SWING of Champion Carr enabled him to drive green on 360-yard hole.

moments for all who were present.

We had the pleasure of welcoming upwards of 20 American contestants, including 10 exempted from qualifying by the USGA. One of these, Tim Holland, reached the semifinal, where, after being all square at the end of 18, he was beaten by a rugged display by Thirlwell. Holland was involved in one of those incidents which, now that 'golf has become news, tend to be so much magnified in the press. He was playing the last surviving Scotsman, a young footballer from neighboring Dundee named Doug Alexander, and each had a shortish putt on the last green. The Scots are intense patriots on these occasions. They wish no one any hard luck—so long as their man wins. For preference they like to see him beating the "auld enemy," an Englishman; next best is an American. In the absolute silence round the last green, to which I can bear witness since I was leaning out of the upper window of old Tom Morris's shop no more than 20 yards from the flag, Holland heard some local patriot muttering "miss it." Whereupon, having holed the putt, he turned to the crowd and said, "If you want me to miss it, you might wait till I have done so," or words to that effect. I mention the matter because it was probably reported in America and may have placed Holland in an unfavorable Tommy Bolshish kind of



DESPITE NEW ACCURACY, CARR STILL MANAGED TO FIND TROUBLE AT ST. ANDREWS

continued



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light (the "old" Tommy Bolt, that is). If so, this would be quite unfair, for the provocation was ample. I asked two of his opponents, including Thirlwell, and both replied that it would be impossible to find a nicer fellow to play golf against.

Of the other distinguished Americans, the one to go farthest was Jack Penrose, whose style was much admired by the pundits of St. Andrews. There seems to be these days an accepted "correct" way of swinging a golf club, and it was generally agreed that Penrose had it. He beat the champion, Reid Jack, in the third round, losing only one hole in the process, and was beaten in a desperate fifth-round match by Gerald Micklem, the British Walker Cup captain, who holed from five yards for a birdie 3 on the 19th.

LOSING AMERICANS

Ed Meister was beaten in the first round by a former Walker Cup captain, Colonel A. A. Duncan; Jimmy McHale lost in round three, largely through striking his second shot to the 16th over the railway line; while our oldest "customer," Frank Strafael—he has played in this event nine times—lost at the 23rd hole in round four to the Glasgow champion, Willie Jack. L. J. Dulong, of the USAF, who is stationed near Edinburgh, reached the fourth round and was beaten on the 19th by the young footballer, while another young Air Force man, John Franek of New Jersey, lost in round three. Gene Andrews, who went out in the second round to a young man who has won the open and amateur titles of South Africa, Reginald Taylor, distinguished himself in the first by holing the St. Andrews Loop, from the 7th to the 11th, in 3,2,3,3,2.

The championship itself is in a state of flux. Constant changes have been made in recent years, and on this trial-and-error basis it is hoped that it will settle down in a permanent form best suited to modern golf. Some of these changes have been based on the experience of the U.S. Golf Association. Another, which was tried for the first time this year and is, so far as I know, revolutionary, will be of interest to all who follow, organize or play in championship golf in America. This was the seeding of the draw.

continued



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**United
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Rubber**

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The entry was first reduced to 200 for the championship proper by regional qualifying over 15 courses, spread as widely and as far apart as possible in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with about 20 exemptions, including 10 to be nominated by the USGA. Regional qualifying has long been commonplace in America, by virtue of the size both of the entry and of the country, but it represented a complete—and some gloomily forecast a ruinous—change in Britain. As it turned out, there were 560 entries—at a reduced fee—compared to a previous record of 320, and next year they may well reach a thousand. Most of the critics were content to eat their words and admit regional qualifying a success. The system was identical with that of the USGA. Players could seek to qualify anywhere they chose, the number of places being adjusted according to the quality of the entry. Incidentally, Brigadier General K. K. Compton, who is serving with the U.S. forces in Morocco, flew over to qualify at Moor Park, near London, the course on which Archie Compton beat Walter Hagen 30 years ago by 18 and 17. Compton was beaten in the third round of the championship.

When the field had been reduced to 200, 16 were selected. Apart from Reid Jack and the U.S. master sergeant, Harold Ridgeley, winner and runner-up last year, who were placed No. 1 and No. 2 respectively, no special order was observed nor any ranking list issued. I believe, in fact, that they merely drew the names out of the hat. At any rate, it will be of interest to the USGA to know that the whole thing was voted a complete and unanimous success, and the general reaction was, "Why did we not think of it before?" It was the making of the championship—just as seeding is the making, when one comes to think of it, of Wimbledon. You never, after all, found Gonzales vs. Sedgman on Court 13 on a Monday morning. Perhaps the worst example in golf—can it really be 20 years ago?—was Charles Yates vs. Johnny Fischer, both at the height of their powers and both having come all the way from America. They were drawn almost first, and by 11:15 on the Monday morning Fischer had lost by a stymie on the 19th. All this is now a thing of the dark past, for I am sure we shall never see an unseeded championship in these

islands again. And a good thing, too.

I have to report that considerable controversy rages in Britain on the subject of 36-hole matches. The arguments for and against have similar force in America and are roughly as follows:

For: "With modern clubs and balls and the high standard of technique attained by so many modern amateurs, an 18-hole match is not sufficient to separate them fairly and ensure that the right man wins. Eighteen holes is no longer an adequate test of golf."

Against: "Eighteen holes is the game of golf. If you cannot win over 18, it is an impertinence to suggest that you would have won over 36. You would probably have lost by double. In any case the record shows that the man who is up at lunch nearly always wins. If they are all square, the first round is a waste of time. If one man is 6 up, why worry to play two rounds?"

A DAY'S GOLF

Last year we had the last three rounds over 36 holes, and a great weariness of the flesh it was. On Wednesday evening the championship, as a meeting of golfers, was over. This year it was the semifinals and final and, again, nobody who was down at lunch went on to win. There are those, myself among them, who would like to see not only the semifinals but also the finals over 18 holes. This experiment will be made here this year in the professional match-play championship and it will be watched with special interest. Four men left in on Saturday morning and one the winner in the evening. There is a day's golf for you!

One last aspect of the championship must be sadly noted, as it seems, from my own observation at any rate, to coincide with modern trends in the U.S. and Australia—namely that few people seem inclined to pay to come and see amateur golf any more. In the first four days at St. Andrews, the home of golf, only 2,600 paid admissions were recorded. And during the Irish-English final, the Eden and New Courses, adjacent to the Old, were packed with foursomes of St. Andrews citizens, who preferred to play rather than watch, pulling their little trolleys along and occasionally stopping to inquire the score.

Nevertheless, it was a fine championship, and what mostly made it so was the seeding.

END



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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The monster of the Midi

BRIDGE is one game in which the designation "amateur" applies only to one who plays ineptly. This does not mean that there is no such thing as a simon-pure; only that there is no such thing as a pro.

One reason why there's no distinction is that the American Contract Bridge League—which conducts all important tournaments in the United States and sanctions many local tournaments as well—frowns upon cash prizes and disapproves of betting among the contestants. Even the "play for pay" experts, of whom there are a few, must pay to play in these events.

By contrast, both the tournaments on the Riviera which I attended last month—a pair tournament at Juan Les Pins and an individual game at Monte Carlo—hung up prizes that ranged as high as 100,000 francs for

the top scorer on each of three days, and 400,000 francs to the grand prize winner. Furthermore, the 64 experts—one at each table—who played in the Monte Carlo event were the invited guests of the Casino for the three days they spent in that happily tax-free principality.

Claude Reichenbach, star of the Swiss international bridge team and a frequent partner of mine on my European jaunts, was the winner of the grand prize at Monte Carlo, where the game was conducted much like a Progressive Rubber tournament. Perhaps it might have been read as a favorable omen that in the Juan Les Pins duplicate tourney played a few days earlier he was the only declarer to achieve a plus score on the hand that I have dubbed "the monster of the Midi."

The only bidding method geared to cope with such monstrous freaks is the now obsolete Sims powerhouse opening three-bid calling on partner to display his aces. On learning that North did not have the ace of diamonds, South would sign off at six clubs—the only slam contract that could not be defeated.

Whatever West leads, South can get rid of his six diamonds by trumping one and discarding five on North's top cards. Unfortunately for all the South players, however, clubs and diamonds are lower than hearts and spades; no South could win the contract at a bid of less than six no trump or seven clubs. The latter was the contract when I held the East hand. Feeling grateful that the enemy had landed in my best suit, I didn't double lest they find a more suitable stopping place. The 50 points we collected turned out to be nearly bottom on the board. Reichenbach got his plus score by permitting his partner to play at six hearts, fulfilled against the opening lead of the diamond ace.

All over the Eden Beach Casino the ax fell on seven-heart and seven-no-trump contracts. One North player, outraged that an opponent would dare to double such a rockcrusher, redoubled his commitment to take all 13 tricks at hearts. East hit upon the devastating opening lead of a club.

Undoubtedly the most frustrated of the declarers, however, was the North who played at 7 no trump doubled.

East's ace-of-diamonds opening set the contract at the go-off, but worse was to follow. East led another diamond. North might have saved a trick by going in with dummy's queen and later throwing East in with the fifth club. But North assumed that the clubs would break and tried to salvage something from the wreckage by finessing dummy's 8 of diamonds.

West grabbed the 9 and surrendered his sure second trick in the suit by returning a diamond to put dummy back on lead. After winning the diamonds and the four top clubs, the 11th trick was lost to East's club 10. It wasn't until the 12th trick that North, with his powerhouse, was able to take a trick in his own hand!

EXTRA TRICK

The primary purpose of an opening two-bid is to make sure you get another chance. But a freak hand like South's can safely be opened one club without fear it will be passed out.

Vulnerable - Neither side
Dealer: South

NORTH



WEST



EAST



SOUTH

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One Man's Hunting Home

In the Maryland hunt country near Monkton
a fox-chasing enthusiast named Harvey S.
Ladew has blended hobbies into a showplace

Photographed by Jerry Cooke



Window decorated with hunting themes is one of four Ladew got from England.

*Topiary gardens (left)
Ladew planned and planted
are among finest in country.*

Hounds fashioned of Japanese yew give illusion of pack in full cry crossing lawn.





Original 19th century farmhouse, renovated by Loden, houses part of rare bicycle collection.

Sweeping view from rear of house shows lush summer field where hunters browse in bluegrass.



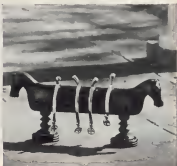


Ornate shrubbery trimmed to represent pheasants, stairs and walls was first carefully planned out by Lods in small plasticine models.



Collector and gardener Ladew contemplates effects of his efforts. The farm originally had one lilac bush.

It is a rare and happy thing when a man's passions for sport, collecting and gardening happen to coincide as they did with Harvey Ladew. Because he was interested in fox hunting he visited the clubs of many countries, and while there was able to search for the unusual furnishings, such as the horse-shaped spur rack below, that embellish his home—a home Ladew had purchased because it was in Maryland's hunt country. Not content with adorning the interior with rare objects, he built the elaborate gardens shown here.



Richest and biggest

A nickel made a story at the rich Pin Oak show, and there, as at Devon, some old favorites, new candidates and a reformed character were the stars

At the Pin Oak show in Houston last week Miss Kathryn Means won the five-gaited amateur stake on her flashy chestnut gelding, King Lee, a horse her father had proclaimed he would not sell for \$20,000. A few minutes later it was disclosed that J. C. Means had sold King Lee, but only because the price was right—reportedly \$20,000.05. Actually, the sale was one proud father's typically Texas gesture to another, in this case Henry Kaufmann of Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Kaufmann bought King Lee for his 15-year-old daughter, Judy, who had ridden her La Fitte's Gay Scandal to victory in the three-gaited amateur stake the same evening. Kathryn Means evidently was a happy participant in this pleasant surprise, partly because she is believed to have another horse as good as King Lee in reserve. This would truly be something, for King Lee, one of the top horses in the amateur division, has a worshipful following that might

well make an Elvis Presley jealous.

Even so, at Pin Oak, the nation's richest and most luxuriously appointed show, he was only one of many stars. A future stablemate of his, for instance, Vanity Again, was driven to first place and the championship award in the amateur fine harness stake by Judy's mother, Mrs. Henry Kaufmann. And one of the most beautiful horses to be found anywhere, Jean McLean Davis' Enchanted Hour, took a double win under the guidance of Lee Roby, who rode her to victory in the mare class and then again in the \$5,500 grand championship five-gaited stake.

This could, in fact, be Enchanted Hour's year. A difficult and temperamental show horse, her manners in the past have not been as praiseworthy as her appearance, but this time her performance was nearly flawless, and despite some bobbles in the five-gaited stake, the judges felt that in both performance and looks she

outclassed Martha Burton's speedy The Sabre, shown by Tack Higgins.

That great and sensational favorite, The Lemon Drop Kid, was present, and he won both of his classes. This year, however, he is not winning them as outstandingly and as decisively as in the past. It is well known that Lemon is a difficult horse to drive and that Jay Utz was one of the few who had the key. Since Jay suffered a heart attack, the role of showing Lemon has fallen on Bob McCray, and a tougher task is hard to imagine. The consensus of opinion seems to be that he drives Lemon well enough to win most of the time, but not yet well enough to make him the undefeated horse he was.

A week earlier, at Devon, Pa., the biggest outdoor show in the country was held—in fact, with 800 horses and ponies on the grounds, it was the largest outdoor horse show in the world. As at Pin Oak, the setting was worthy of the quality horses displayed, with the rails and jumps all painted a fresh white and "Devon blue." Its brightest star, by common agreement, was Adolph Mogavero, trainer-rider for Mrs. Jane Messier's Oak Ridge Farm of Pittsford, N.Y. By winning no less than six of the nine jumping classes, he earned for Oak Ridge's First Chance the championship title and for Sonora the reserve championship. Ending up one and two at a show of Devon's stature is a rarely achieved feat. Nor was this victory a sudden streak of luck; Adolph, despite an operation on his leg earlier this spring, pulled the same stunt at the Syracuse and Buffalo shows that preceded Devon. If these early successes are any



FIRST CHANCE AND ADOLPH MOGAVERO SAIL OVER HOG BACKS AT THE DEVON SHOW



JUDY KAUFMANN TAKES BLUE AT PIN OAK

indication, Adolph and Oak Ridge's three jumpers—Acapulco being the third, who did well at Buffalo—should be tops in their division this year.

Another horse-and-rider combination that spelled trouble for the other competitors at Devon was young Laurie Ratliff of Pass Christian, Miss. Laurie, after winning a large share of the classes in Miami last winter, decided she would like to go north (SI, March 3). North she went and she won the ladies' working hunter class on her 15th birthday with her big brown gelding, Cottage Den. Then she clinched the victory by winning the champion lady's hunter event over such trusted favorites as Mrs. Deane Rucker's Spanish Mint and Mrs. Henry Paxson's Chappaqua. Even with that she wasn't finished—her Cottage Den was also named the working hunter champion.

From Mexico comes word that Brigadier General Humberto Mariles, longtime lion of the international classes, has retired—for this year, anyway. Mariles, plagued by an inner-ear infection which has destroyed his balance, will be operated on this month. The results will determine whether or not he ever rides again. Although the general has stepped down from the saddle he has not stepped out of the show ring. He will be judging the international events at Toronto's Royal Winter Fair next November and has been invited to bring a team to New York's National Horse Show. As of now, his team may consist of his daughter Vicki, his son Humberto, Lieut. Roberto Vifials and Gonzalo Alfaro.

END



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The man at the piano

Ray Hunt designed 'Easterner' on the top of a grand piano.

Some people call him a screwball, but the record

indicates that 'working genius' is a more fitting term

TO a casual stranger, Charles Raymond Hunt, even when encountered ashore in his habitual uniform of dark flannels, white shirt with a tie always slightly askew, and topsider sneakers, almost instantly conveys the picture of a seafaring man. Thus it seems only fitting that this summer, as designer of *Easterner*, candidate for the honor of defending the America's Cup, he moves into the spotlight group of three who are creating new 12-meter yachts on this side of the Atlantic. No greater accolade than selection for the job can be bestowed by the yachtsman who must spend astronomic sums of hard cash to transform a designer's theories on paper to wood and metal reality at the starting line.

At 50, Ray Hunt is a man who looks much younger—tanned, with an athlete's body and sensitive yet capable hands. He is not only a real sailor, but a Yankee in the best tradition, a rugged individualist operating in his own way to evolve a better sea-going mousetrap.

Typical of his unorthodox approach to naval architecture was his production of the original lines of *Easterner*. Whereas most designers operate in an atmosphere of science and higher mathematics, approached through lanes of drafting tables, slide rules and protracting machines, *Easterner* first came to life on the top of a grand piano in the living room of an old farmhouse in Tilton, N.H., more than a hundred miles from the nearest arm of tidewater. "A grand piano makes a fine place to work," said Ray. "Right beight, good shape."

"After I got down the lines and a fairly close displacement figure and sketched the deck and sail plans," Ray continued, "I turned them over

to my associate, Fenwick Williams, to complete. I'm no engineer. He put them in shape first to build models for tank testing, and then drew detailed construction plans for the hull finally selected."

Ray told me this as we drove through the rambling streets of Marblehead past the no-two-alike, no-two-square-to-each-other houses of a New England seaport town, to stop before a picket fence. Beyond, great flowering masses of yellow forsythia bloomed against the pale chartreuse grass of spring. We opened the basement door of a weathered house to meet a man dressed in battered sneakers, khaki pants and plaid shirt.

DESIGNS ON A KITCHEN TABLE

"This is Fenwick Williams," said Ray in introduction, and we entered the room where the working drawings of *Easterner* had evolved. Here again, no acres of drafting tables bathed in fluorescent pallor, or receptionist at a buzzing switchboard or outer offices and inner conference rooms: only a small man smiling shyly under unpainted ceiling beams, carpenter's tools hanging on the cement walls and a table near the single window bearing a strong resemblance to the ones used by grandmothers of an earlier era in country kitchens. But on that table I glimpsed one design so radical it might well revolutionize a popular class of small racing yachts another year.

Yet Fenwick Williams is no graduate engineer, either. Failing eyesight forced him to quit college, and he went to work for the famous naval architect, John Alden of Boston. Virtually ever since, he has hovered over a drafting table, doing work of a most meticulous artistry and preci-

sion while staving off blindness by the practice of eye exercises and control.

"Fenwick does all the work," explained Ray, smiling at his partner. "I went to five prep schools and didn't graduate from any. I only got ideas—some of them good. Fenwick puts them in final shape. Without him I would be nothing."

The evolution of *Easterner* was typical of the way the two worked together. Ray—who had sailed on a 12-meter yacht only once in his life, many years before—began chewing over the International Rule after the announcement of the change in the Deed of Gift and the subsequent British challenge. In his Tilton farmhouse he began sketching ideas, allowing his imagination free reign, trying to come up with the breakthrough hull. "I thought about existing boats and tried putting down different extremes on paper, hoping at least for the happy medium." Anything radical in the results? "It is a tight rule. It doesn't allow much latitude. Maybe if we'd had more time we might have been able to come up with something tricky . . ." Why no centerboard after his success with the type? "The rule specifically states that 'centerboards shall not be permitted until otherwise agreed and incorporated' by an international group. It would have taken too long to get a decision. Perhaps if we'd had another six months. . . ."

As his thinking and preliminary sketching went along, Ray kept Chandler Hovey, the Boston financier, informed of his progress. Hovey was interested, as was natural in a man who has spent a long lifetime connected with sailing, including three tries for the honor of representing America in a cup defense. Still, the cost of building and campaigning a 12-meter for a summer is frightening, as any experienced yachtman knows. It goes far beyond hull, rigging and sails; there are countless extras running from crew wages to maintaining a mother ship and providing



CREATORS of *Enterpriser*, Ray Hunt (left) and his assistant Fenwick Williams check blueprints in front of the partially completed hull of Hunt's America's Cup contender. Built for Chandler Hovey of Boston, yacht is expected to be launched in late June or early July.

hospitality for thirsty well-wishers. It was not until a direct appeal was made by former Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, Henry S. Morgan that Hovey decided to go ahead, with a syndicate if others came forward, alone as a family affair if not (SI, May 12).

It has been rumored that Hunt does not believe in tank-testing sailing vessels. "Not true," he snapped. "I certainly would abide by the results as opposed to my own judgment. But I have felt it was too bad that waves could not be created to simulate all kinds of sea conditions—and now I understand this is going to be accomplished in a new tank at Stevens Institute."

The partners have no hesitation in farming out engineering work requiring involved calculations. "We go to people with experience," explained Hunt. "Fairley Marine in England did the final construction plans on the centerboards of *Drawbeal*, which we designed for the Honorable Max Aitken, son of Lord Benverbrook. She looks like a blown-up version of *Harrier*, and I guess it is no longer a secret she has not one but two centerboards and they can be moved laterally as well as up and down. Very tricky engineering; Fairley did a beautiful job. Same with *Enterpriser's* mast. It was designed by Bill Luders of the

Luders Marine Construction Company in Stamford. No use fooling with details when someone else can do them better."

Perhaps this disregard for detail stems partly from Hunt's lack of training in the precise, partly from his temperament, partly from his personal way of approaching a problem. But part may reflect typical Yankee frugality; details, in yacht construction as everything else, are expensive. Hunt's creations are functional but not fancy. In fact, the equipment and supplies aboard boats he himself is sailing are likely to be the bare minimum. He tends to disregard little things with true Olympian casualness. Herein may be his major weakness as a designer and a sailor.

Ray Hunt is one of those fortunate humans who has spent a lifetime sailing, beginning as a small boy in Duxbury, Mass. Before him, his father had been an active racing skipper: "I guess they had some wild rides in those days, and the committees weren't fussy. Once when Pop was getting beaten he hopped over and cut a main halyard." His father was also part owner of the *Mayflower*, a famous but controversial fishing schooner which sought to challenge for the coveted trophy representing the championship of the Grand Banks fleet. "She was thrown out for being

too yachty, even if she was a success as a working fishing schooner, and as heavily built," Ray recalls. "The partners had gone to Starling Burgess for her lines. In those days he symbolized racing machines—he did *Enterprise* and *Rainbow* and was co-designer of *Ranger*, so I guess he had earned the reputation. Anyway, when *Mayflower* was not allowed to compete it made Pop mad and he sold his share. But he had already pretty much quit racing anyway after he got married."

A TOUGH COMPETITOR

James Henry Hunt must have been a tough, determined and resourceful competitor, and he transmitted these qualities to his son. Before he was 18, Ray had won the Junior Championship of the Massachusetts South Shore three times, and twice had gone on to win the Sears Trophy to become National Junior champion. In 1930 he was asked to be a member of the afterguard of the J boat *Yankee*, but he never came to a Trial Race. "Early in the season we were in City Island to look at sails," he recalled. "We got up the anchor carrying only the main. It was blowing better than 20 from the sou'west, and without a jib *Yankee* began falling off on the three-masted schooner

continued

MY CLOSEST SHAVE

by Bruce Hunter *Famous Mountaineer Climber*

"While attempting to cross a deep crevasse on Mt. Rainier," says Bruce Hunter, Army mountaineer instructor, "I was right in the middle of a narrow ice bridge—when suddenly it crumbled beneath me! For one awful moment I fell toward death. Then a jerk—and I hung suspended; luckily, my safety rope was holding. With the aid of my ice pick, I was able to get back to solid footing. I took the chance of my life on my next try, jumped, and made it—by inches—my closest shave!"



YOUR CLOSE SHAVE!

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COLGATE INSTANT SHAVE

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up-to-date with...
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Atlantic. You can imagine what would have happened if we had tangled in that wind. Our helmsman froze. I gave him the hip and spun the wheel. Somebody caught him before he went over the side, but it was the beginning of the end of my cup career. Guess I was too young to fit in... anyway, we didn't hit *Atlantic*."

Racing at Marblehead, center of some of the keenest competition in the world of yachting, he impressed Frank Paine, noted skipper and designer from Boston, with consistent victories in the castoff R-class *Gypsy I* over Paine's *Gypsy III*. Both vessels were the work of Paine, and he was sure the newer boat was faster. He invited the youngster into his office, and for six months Ray Hunt observed and experimented, but mostly "just looked over the shoulder of Norman L. Skene as he worked." Skene, an associate of Paine, was author of *The Elements of Yacht Design*, still a standard work on the subject. Hunt now carries a copy everywhere in his briefcase but characteristically didn't get around to looking between the covers until recently. "I'm so mad I didn't read it until a couple of years ago I can't speak. I could have learned many things much sooner."

Ray Hunt did not at once begin designing on his own after the brief apprenticeship in Paine's office but went into yacht brokerage. It was not until 1936 that he turned out a yacht on order—and his third commission resulted in the famous Concordia class of 40-foot yawls. Fifty-eight were built to the original plans. One of them, *Maloy*, won the Newport to Bermuda Race in 1954. Modified in '55 to the *Harrier* type, an additional 14 have been constructed.

The panatela-shaped 110 class came along in 1939 "to provide something inexpensive to promote interclub racing—at that time interclub racing was almost unheard of." The 210s appeared in '46. Both are unorthodox double-ended vessels with flat underbodies and streamlined fin keels, kept light to be driven easily by a small sail plan. According to Hunt, the 210 fleet now consists of more than 300 boats, making it the largest one-design "big boat" class in existence, as they measure 30 feet on deck.

Although he is a sailing sailor in

the fullest sense of the word, Hunt is almost equally interested in power vessels. Last summer on the New York Yacht Club cruise, the performance of his 23-foot high-speed run-about *Hunter*, along as a tender, created almost as much interest among yachtmen as *Harrier* herself, which was awarded the Cygnet Trophy for the outstanding record of the racing fleet. Hunt believes the conventional motorboat is all wrong in its basic concept. "Look at that," he commented as we walked through Graves Yacht Yard at Marblehead, where *Eusterner* is taking shape. He pointed to a typical small fishing craft on the ways. "See? A deep V-section forward and flat sections aft. As soon as you begin to run before a following sea, the bow buries and that flat stern takes charge. You can't steer. In extreme cases, you broach—the bow noses down, the stern lifts and slews and you swing crosswise into the trough of the sea. If it's rough enough, you may capsize. Damned dangerous, yet nine out of 10 boats are built that way."

The *Hunter* is now going into production in the United States and England, and meanwhile Ray has transferred his attention to a smaller, outboard-powered version. We walked down a float to inspect a prototype. "This is the most amazing little boat you ever saw," he enthused as we approached. "Wait till you see the gimmick." The gimmick is typical of Hunt's unconventional thinking, applied to a hull incorporating equally radical ideas: in the stern, below the water line, there is a large elliptical opening to allow an inner compartment to flood when the boat is alongside a dock or moving slowly. Some 200 pounds of water enter between two skins of the double bottom, giving the craft stability. "Automatic water ballast," explained Ray with the delighted air of a boy showing a new toy.

30 MPH ON 30 HP

Under way, a breather hole on deck allows the water to drain out as the boat gathers speed, and the hull is lightened to lift and ride easily on top. "We are getting 30 miles an hour with a 30-horsepower outboard," the designer said. "There doesn't seem to be any tendency for the bow to take charge, ever. You can go a mile in a following sea without steering." A patent has been applied for, but as

continued

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BOATING continued

yet no manufacturer has contracted to put the craft into production.

Naturally, as in the case of all unconventional thinkers and experimenters, especially those practicing geniuses who operate without benefit of formal education and impressive degrees, Ray Hunt is thought of by some as a screwball. Some of the ideas haven't worked any better than conventional approaches, if as well. Critics are likely to seize upon these to condemn. Yet Hunt is unperturbed and remains ever willing to try and break away from standard procedure. "You don't improve anything by not being willing to change," he said, "but I don't think I've ever gone completely haywire anywhere. And I conform where it seems desirable, as on *Easterner*."

Easterner will be basically conventional both in external appearance and hidden characteristics. In comparison to *Vim*, which must remain the measuring stick until all the new boats are launched, she will be shorter over-all and longer on the waterline; Hunt has stated the figures to be 65 feet on deck and 45½ feet at the point of flotation. *Vim*'s comparable measurements are 69 feet 7 inches and 45 feet even. According to Ray: "The beam is on the minimum of the rule—I think all the new designs will be. The draft is the maximum. And displacement is to the rule minimum for the waterline length. The sail area is about 1,930 square feet."

When I saw *Easterner* last month in the quiet shed at Marblehead in company with Ray Hunt and Fenwick Williams, it was hard for me to judge her characteristics, beyond being able to see that she embodied no radical departures from the conventional. In fact, in her cocoon of staling, she looked remarkably similar to the new Stephens' and Rhodes's designs, themselves not very different from prewar *Vim* or the British challenger *Sceptre*, and I said so. Ray agreed, "They'll all be pretty much alike. How they're sailed will probably make the difference."

And when it comes to sailing, Charles Raymond Hunt has no detractors. All yachtsmen join in paying tribute to his touch on the helm, his mastery of tactics, his almost uncanny ability to smell out favoring slants of winds. While he will not be in charge of *Easterner*, his presence aboard is certain to

have an effect on her performance.

I will never forget the day Ray Hunt first sailed with me. It was aboard *Corriber* on the New York Yacht Club cruise of 1951. Bunny Rigg had suggested I invite him for the King's Cup Race off Marblehead because of his local knowledge. Ray jumped on deck as we pulled away from the dock. Wearing rimless glasses, gray flannels and an ordinary white business shirt with the tie firmly knotted in place, he didn't look like a hotshot hand. But it didn't take long for him to impress me that he was a sailor—one of the best. It was a crowded start, and the rest of us in the crew were tense after a frustrating period of bad breaks and thick weather. Ray calmed us with his casual manner; yet we immediately sensed he already knew as much about the boat and her capabilities as we did. Maybe more. Something intangible happened. I suddenly felt I had never steered a boat to windward so well or that *Corriber* moved so easily in light air. We flew. "Tack," Ray would suggest, and we tacked, playing slants of current and wind, slicing through the fleet in such fashion that at the weather mark we were third behind *Vim* and *Bolero*, the two much larger speedsters, but well within handicap allowance. It was a moment of elation.

AN IBM MIND

On that occasion Ray Hunt was magic, as I have known him to be many times since, sailing both with and against me. Part of his secret is a rare ability to see a large body of water as a chessboard and to be able to evaluate the relative positions of the scattered pieces; he always seems to know how each individual yacht in a fleet is faring—which has a lift, which has a header, which has picked up a fresher—and where to go next to benefit. Standing on deck, he looks casual to the point of unconcern, almost uninterested. Yet he is missing nothing. In his mind a veritable IBM machine is processing data, calculating, weighing odds, all so automatically the process is unconscious. If you ask how he came up with some particular flash of inspiration, he will look surprised and reply damned if he knows. And he is undoubtedly telling the truth. As someone remarked, "Ray Hunt operates on a different wave length." Perhaps he does. But, ashore or afloat, it is a pretty effective one.

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CHARACTERS AND CATARACTS

by JOEL SAYRE

Off again with Georgie White, Riverman Sayre tells of her colorful life; of Fred Elseman, friend of the Hopis, and of Cataract Canyon's conventions of waves

ONE DAY in a recent June, four of us took off on a drive of more than a thousand miles—from the village of Palm Desert in southern California to the town of Green River in eastern Utah. Our purpose was to join Georgie White for her forthcoming rapids shoot down Cataract Canyon.

There are two Cataract canyons in the Southwest, and they are as

different from each other as two places could be. The one in Arizona is a tiny enclave hidden away in a hard-to-reach part of the vast Grand Canyon. A couple of hundred Hava-supai Indians dwell there in idyllic content, weaving a few baskets, growing a little fruit, now and then slaying a deer and tanning its hide to buckskin, and from time to time yawning or gently scratching them-

selves. No doubt you have heard the song, *From the Land of the Sky-blue Water*, that the late Charles Wakefield Cadman wrote to salute their bliss. By the corniest kind of coincidence, the car we were riding in belonged to Al Cadman, a nephew of Charles Wakefield, and Al was driving it.

The other Cataract Canyon, in Utah, is just below the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers. None of the four of us had ever been there, but we had all read or heard that this Cataract was anything but idyllic, its waters far from sky-blue. Boatmen were said to rate it one of the toughest stretches in the whole Colorado system. This Cataract was supposed to contain ferocious white water all the way, and it was the one we were heading for.

Half a dozen or so of the rapids Georgie White takes you into on her three-week, 300-mile run down the Colorado from Lee's Ferry through the Grand Canyon are certainly ferocious. Their shooting, however, doesn't last more than a few minutes for each, and between these occasional ferocities there is plenty of calm water for her passengers to recover in. But one of our quartet had been told by somebody that, in contrast to the Grand, Cataract Canyon embraced a supergigantic nightmare of a rapid that stretched 41 miles virtually nonstop.

This report of a 41-mile-long rapid was a sample of the manner in which men often encourage one another while traveling to white water that is unknown to them. I contributed to our panel a heartening statistic I had recently encountered. Between 1869, when Major John Wesley Powell's expedition first traversed Cataract,

GEORGIE IN HER ELEMENT STEERS THE BIG BOAT PAST THE RUGGED CANYON WALLS



and 1927, when Clyde Eddy's party of 11 college boys, a hobo, a mongrel dog and a cub bear made it (but only by the skin of their collective backsides), the canyon's raging torrents had killed about 30% of all those who had ventured to fight their boats through them.

Greg Hitchcock, who manages office buildings in Pasadena, Calif. and is a crack photographer of outdoor subjects on the side, and Al Cadman and I had been on the Grand Canyon run with Georgie in past summers. Our quartet's other, and senior, member was Randall Henderson, the publisher and editor of an excellent monthly, the *Desert Magazine*, which is well known on the Coast. For almost half a century he has lived in and explored desert areas throughout the Southwest and down into Mexico, and his command of desert lore is exhaustive. Although 70 years old, Randall is still an expert cliff scaler and summit reacher. He also knows his way around in white water. Ten or so years ago he made the Grand Canyon run with the late Norman Nevills. But Randall had never before been on one of Georgie's trips.

WE were traveling northeast, and when we got to the Colorado we stopped to find out the score at Art Green's Marble Canyon Lodge, which is seven miles from Lee's Ferry, where the rivermen start their Grand Canyon runs. Art told us that the river was at 150,000 second-feet. (In hydrography, a second-foot is the flow past a given point of a cubic foot of water in one second.) It was the highest the Colorado at this given point and season had been in years. Greg Hitchcock and I checked with each other. When we had pulled out of Lee's Ferry on my first Grand Canyon run with Georgie, the river had been at about 15,000 feet. There was 10 times as much water in the Colorado here now as there had been then.

Well, that, I told myself, was the end of the 41-mile-long rapid. The Colorado would no doubt be as high in its upper reaches, and water as high as this buried the rocks so deep that it washed rapids out. Right now down at Lee's Ferry they were tuning up motorboats to make the Grand Canyon run, and they would run it at full throttle. So, running Cataract Canyon would be different from running it under normal conditions. We'd probably tear along at a great rate and

maybe almost level with the tops of the cliffs. It might be good fun, and at least it would be unusual. After taking a few beers against the heat of the day, we drove off, heading for Green River, 225 miles upstream. Then Greg and Al and I started to fill Randall in on all we knew about Georgie, because he was going to do a story on her for *Desert*. I will try to summarize the fill-in in my own words.

Georgie White, a middle-aged Los Angeles housewife married to a retired truck driver, is the only female professional boatman on the Colorado River. Among specialists in comparative fluminology, the Colorado, because of its raffish and unstable behavior, is regarded as the most dangerous river in the world. Therefore, running boats down it can scarcely be classified as a ladylike pursuit. But Georgie runs her boats, and, though she was not gently nurtured when young, she is a lady in the true sense of the word—full of fine instincts, warmhearted, generous and brave.

She was born in the slums of Chicago and lived in them until she was about 16. Almost the only happy memory Georgie has of her childhood is swimming in Lake Michigan, particularly during storms. Whenever it thundered good and loud and she could sneak off, she would hurry to

the lake and throw herself in its waves.

At the age of 14 she went to work as a cigaret girl in a speakeasy owned by several hoodlums of moderate prominence. There was a house rule that the cigaret girl had to take her tips in snorts of the joint's whisky—which, of course, helped increase its sale. Out of regard for Georgie's tender years, however, the management humbly amended the rule to permit her to take her tips in half-snorts. One day, after she had been working there a year or so, Georgie noticed an old crone rummaging around the joint and inquired who she was. The crone had once been the joint's cigaret girl and taken her tips in whisky; her current age was actually 25. Georgie quit her job in horror. (Though a strict vegetarian, the adult Georgie does enjoy an occasional snort, providing it is of reliable goods. She doesn't give a hoot what anybody else eats, but shuns meat herself—not in the conviction that it is nutritionally harmful, but because it entails the killing of animals. She won't eat fish for the same reason.) Soon after leaving her job, she married Harold, a good-looking assistant elephant tender who was in Chicago with Ringling Brothers. He had fallen in love with her while patronizing the speakeasy after evening performances.

continued

FRED EISENMAN IN A RELAXED MOMENT RESTS HIS OARS AND LETS THE RIVER GO BY



Georgie hated the circus. "It owned you," she says in recollection. "I made up my mind nothing was ever gonna own me." And she hated New York, where her husband had taken her after the circus closed for the winter. (With no more elephants to tend, the versatile Harold had landed a job tending bar.) Georgie found the metropolis overcrowded and unfriendly; everything desirable was forbiddingly expensive. The one exception was Central Park, and she went for a long ramble in it almost every day.

One afternoon on the park's bridle path she saw a group of men in sweat suits, sprinting up and down on bicycles with low-slung handle bars. They were professional cyclists working out for the Six-day Bike Race about to open in Madison Square Garden. All her life Georgie has had a gift for making friends with strangers, and the racers took an immediate shine to her. When they learned that she didn't know how to ride a bike, several of them at various intervals knocked off their workout to help her with her introductory lesson. Walking back to her hall bedroom, Georgie had one of her inspirations. She would learn to ride and so would Harold (he, too, had had an underprivileged childhood); then they would somehow get a couple of bikes and travel on them to California. There, she had heard, it was roomy and friendly and prices were reasonable.

When Georgie sets her heart on something, she always achieves her aspiration, especially if the aspiration seems to others unfeasible or even outrageous. She and Harold took a few riding lessons together; then, on a pair of old racing bikes that the kindly six-day pros gave them, they pedaled—in winter—all the way to the Coast. The young couple settled in Los Angeles, where Georgie gave birth to a daughter.

Harold grew to hate Los Angeles as much as she had hated New York, and eventually they were divorced. Later Georgie married Jim White, who was short and husky and 15 years older than her and drove long-haul trucks all over the Southwest. He had been born and raised in the Dakota Badlands and during World War I had served in Hoboken, N.J. as a horsebreaker for the Army remount service. Whitey was crazy

about the baby and loved Georgie, and they still love each other. She had named the baby Sommona Rose. "A French name," Georgie once told me.

Georgie's passion for the Colorado and its tributaries was engendered in the summer of 1944. At a suburban bicycle club she attended a lantern-slide lecture by Harry Aleson, a veteran outdoorsman from Richfield, Utah. His subject was the desert and slick rock country of the so-called Four Corners, where Utah, Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico meet at their edges. Aleson's pictures and talk carried her away, and after the lecture she questioned him at length. A few days later, Georgie and Aleson and a young prof from Los Angeles City College set off for a two-week hike through the bizarre, rugged terrain Aleson had described.

Her abrupt departure with two male strangers was all right with her husband; Whitey's only reaction was to hope that a change of surroundings might do her good. For Georgie had just been through a terrible tragedy. She and Sommona, who had reached 15 and was the light of Georgie's life ("We done so many wonderful things together!"), were biking along a highway when they were struck by a hit-and-run driver. Sommona died in the ambulance. The cops soon caught the driver, who was a young sailor, AWOL and falling-down drunk, and they wanted to throw the book at him. When Georgie saw the wretched sailor the next day, she refused to

sign the complaint. "Revenge don't get you nowhere," she told the baffled cops, and was unshakable in her decision. But afterwards she nearly went out of her mind.

Georgie's bike with the two men not only did her good, it started her life on a new and lasting course, for during it she discovered the Colorado. In the next two summers she and Aleson investigated the river farther by swimming stretches of it, through rapids, whirlpools and the side currents that flowed upstream. They would have preferred boating down the stretches, but that was hopelessly beyond their means. The rivermen charged fancy prices for trips in their specially designed, custom-built cataraft boats; in those days Norm Nevills was getting \$1,000 a passenger for his Grand Canyon run.

AFTER the war, however, the Navy's unsinkable 10-man life rafts of inflated neoprene, the synthetic, rubberlike plastic, became available in the surplus stores. Aleson bought one and started experimenting on the Colorado. He took a trial trip with it through the Grand in 1949 as a banger-on to a wooden-boat expedition led by veteran rivermen. Then he and Georgie independently made canyon runs with passengers in two 10-mans in 1951 and 1952. By 1953, Georgie felt that she had acquired enough knowledge of the Colorado and skill in combating it to put on a Grand Canyon run of her own.

When the news of her aspiration came out, there was a great squawking along the river. It was outrageous for a woman even to think of such a thing; it would lead only to a horrible mass disaster; the National Park Service ought to forbid it, etc. Having watched her for nine straight summers from a ringside seat, Aleson, if anybody, should have had faith in Georgie's flair for taking on and throwing the forces of nature, but he squawked the loudest of all. His devotion to her was appalled by the possibility of her ruin or death. Georgie was flattered by his concern and didn't argue; but her heart was set, and that July she left Lee's Ferry, commanding a trio of 10-mans. Three weeks later her first Grand Canyon run was over, and when they debarked at Temple Bar in Lake Mead, each of her eight passengers was alive and well.

From then on, Georgie expanded her operations year by year until they



CATARACT CANYON TRIP starts at Green River, Utah, follows the Green to its confluence with the Colorado and continues through the canyon to Hite. Cost: \$160.

became, for Colorado River travel, practically mass-production. She now makes three Grand Canyon runs every summer. Before that, though, starting in early spring, she has already been in Utah and led five or six week-long trips through the gentle Glen Canyon (there's always lots of furious rock-climbing and spelunking and chasing up arroyos on these), as well as at least one down the San Juan, which flows into the Colorado from the east. In August, after her third trip through the Grand, she goes to Idaho to run the Middle Fork of the Salmon and the River of No Return; finally, in Oregon, she does Hell's Canyon of the Snake, tributary to the mighty Columbia.

Each of these trips is nearly always stuffed to the gunwales with passengers, and from the large volume of her turnover you might think that Georgie would make considerable money. But because of the comparatively low prices she charges (undercutting those of her competitors by from one-half to three-quarters), she and Whitey do little more than break even. I once poked into the economics of her way of life. "It's a paid hobby," she said.

Like the rest of us, Georgie would not mind in the least being rich, but she can't ever have set her heart on attaining that status. Her predominating drive, I'm convinced, is to take groups of people—the larger the better—to where she can share with them her love of the rivers for their beauties and excitements, and to hell with the bookkeeping. Every year she gives free passage on several trips to kids she knows whose parents can't afford even her modest rates.

AT GREEN RIVER, Utah, where the run was to commence, we four found Georgie, Fred Elseman, the rowing boss, the rest of the passengers and, as expected, no water shortage. Georgie took Fred and me to look at the river, and it was really bulging. After spending the night at Robber's Roost Hotel (named in honor of a hideout in the region once used by Butch Cassidy's band of mostly Mormon boys, known as the Wild Bunch), we all went down to the boats next morning to start the trip.

As usual, Georgie was to lead the way, in the Big Boat, an invention of her own, which must have come to her originally in a dream. It consists of three Navy neoprene bridge

Continued

CATARACT SNAPSOTS



LINED UP in ruin at Robber's Roost, Sayre (right) and friends have their picture taken before the start of momentous journey.

A HAPPY TRIO is snapped in camp at Dirty Devil's entry into the Colorado. From left: Al Cadman, Desouky Wullich and the author.



A SNACK ashore is enjoyed around a warming fire. Such feasts were familiar to Georgie's passengers as "Cataract Smorgasbord."

DRYING OUT, Marian Jones smiles in borrowed duds after her rescue from a sensational Cataract rapid by Boatman Fred Elseman.



pontoons, lashed side by side and driven by an 18-hp Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motor (but Georgie has it housed inboard). Each pontoon is 30 feet long and contains, tightly fitted within its perimeter, an immense blow-up "sausage." (This Big Boat was new—larger and heavier motored than the one mentioned in the previous installment.) I doubt if Georgie herself knows the Big Boat's gross displacement—one of the passengers estimated it at 39 tons—but whatever it is, in the realm of sport boating on the Colorado the Big Boat verges on the phantasmagorical.

As I watched the Big Boat leave, I had a feeling that this trip was going to be a good one. Because of the high water, it would be different from anything I had ever experienced; there weren't too many passengers (and I already knew several and liked them); but, best of all, Fred Eisenman was along.

Fred is 31 years old and chairman of the science department at the John Burroughs School, a St. Louis co-educational, country day establishment, which his parents helped to found. He holds master's degrees from both Wisconsin and Columbia Teachers College, and I forget whether the number of science textbooks he has written is eight or nine. During the war, while scarcely past the age of legal infancy, he served more than four years in the Navy, won a commission, and as an officer did sea duty in the North Atlantic. When Fred was aged about 12 or 13 (just before he joined the Navy, presumably), his parents took him on a summer trip through the Southwest, and he fell in love with it forever. Excepting the time out for his war service, he hasn't missed a summer there since, and has got to know its remote sections and the people who live in them forwards and backwards.

I admire Fred for many reasons but most, I think, for his relationship with the Hopi Indians. Fred's approach to the Indian problem is at once idealistic, effective and original. To a Hopi (of whom there are fewer than 5,000, living in their dozen villages on three mesas in northeastern Arizona) religion is a daily, life-filling engrossment, not the once-a-week matter it is to so many people; and the Hopis buttress this religion of theirs with a cycle of ceremonies that

goes on all year round. Elaborately costumed ceremonial dances are the cycle's traditional and most important manifestations. To a devout Hopi, their importance is comparable to that of the institution of Mass in the Roman Catholic church.

But the performance of these ceremonies requires not only spiritual but physical equipment. Turtle shells, for instance. Strapped behind the right knee of every properly dressed male Hopi ceremonial dancer is a rattle made of turtle shell, about 7 inches long, within which hangs a clapper of deer or sheep hoofs. When the wearer walks or dances, the rattle makes a clonking sound. The Hopi ceremonial cycle is, principally, a supplication for fertility, by far the greatest need in their land of scorching sun and little moisture. In the Christian Communion service, bread and wine symbolize Christ's body and blood. In terms of Hopi imitative magic, the turtle shell implies water, and the rattling of the clapper implies thunder, which accompanies rain, the producer of fertility.

The better Fred got to know the Hopis the more he esteemed them for their peaceful, temperate, benevolent outlook, their fortitude in wresting a living from their cruel earth, and their dauntless perseverance in their religious observances. When he asked his Hopi friends what he could do to help them preserve their ancient ceremonies, the almost unanimous demand through the villages was for turtle shells. The sun had exterminated nearly all the turtles from the surrounding desert. Preparing for a ceremonial, one village would have to borrow shells from another, or from several. The shells of old broken rattles were being spliced together with wire.

That following summer, when the pickup in which Fred roams the Southwest reached the Hopi reservation, it carried two barrels of turtle shells. He had bought them from the North Carolina biological supply house his school's science department dealt with. When Fred showed the shells to the Hopis they at once asked him how much he wanted for them, and when he told them that they were presents they could not at first believe it. No white man had ever done anything like this before. All the old Hopis could remember the time, not so long ago (beginning about 1910 and lasting through most of the 1920s), when Hopis had been

put in jail for merely dancing a ceremonial. The United States Government by statute had forbidden all Indians to take part in "non-Christian religious activities"—in utter disregard of the Constitution's freedom-of-worship guarantee.

Every summer since, Fred has brought more barrels of shells for the leg rattles. The Hopis call him *Yongyoshona Babina*: Turtle White Man. He also provides them with quantities of other raw materials for their liturgical paraphernalia, including feathers, foxtails and ferric oxide to paint their faces red.

Fred is very modest about this imaginative goodheartedness of his;



GEORGIE'S HUSBAND: Whitey, a retired truck driver, fully shares her love of river.

indeed, he seldom mentions his Hopi activities to white people (unless they are trusted friends), perhaps in the fear of being considered not quite sane or, at best, an oddball. If the Hopis consider him odd, it is only in the sense that he is virtually unique among all the white men they ever met. They have taken him into their *kivas*, those semisubterranean chambers forbidden the uninitiate, to see rituals that white men these days are never permitted to see; they have given specially prepared ceremonial dances (with new songs and steps) in his honor; and he can never appear in any of the 12 Hopi villages without at once being invited to at least six different dinners that same evening. Not wishing to hurt feelings,

he generally compromises by eating all six, one after the other.

We had a delightful 2½-day glide down the Green in Fred's boat. The river was much higher than usual and its current strong but its surface was placid. Greg Hitchcock was riding in the Big Boat as he always does, and Randall Henderson rode in it the first two days in line of research; but Al Cadman was in the Three Boat with Fred, and so were some more nice people. The other oarsman was Dick Smith, a young electronics engineer from West Covina, Calif., who is 6 feet 7½ inches tall. Two very pleasant lady passengers, Dorothy Wullich, a crack skier from San Diego, and Marian Jones, who was studying law in San Francisco, stayed with us subsequently down all of Cataract's 41 miles, which, by the way, turned out to be merely the canyon's length, not the size of any rapid in it.

A little past noon of the third day our glide and the Green ended simultaneously, because in from the left rolled that damned Colorado and took things over. It didn't swing on us immediately, but it was obviously in a sullen mood and spoiling for a fight, and pretty soon it started one. Compared to what came later, it wasn't much of a fight—more like a hoodlum's knocking a stranger's hat off and stamping on it, sort of a deliberate spit at our collective ego. We had rounded a bend and found ourselves by a clump of largish willows that should have been standing sedately on the left bank, but there wasn't any left bank now, only a large stretch of loose river washing over what had recently been dry land. Suddenly we were having fast waves bowled at us, real walllopers. They filled the lashed-together 19-man almost at once, making it impossible for Fred and Dick to effect any evasive action. The only thing to do was hold on with all your might and sweat the rapid out. But that brief tussle with the waves by the willows was an omen of what lay in store.

The Big Boat also had trouble at that willowed stretch; the pitching it took hurled overboard from the side pontoons a number of the rubber chests containing personal duffel and all of the heavy packs of canned food and motor fuel. Fortunately, the chests and packs had been secured to the pontoon with nylon cord and could be reeled in afterwards. There was worse trouble farther downstream when Georgie tried to land for lunch.

An old client of hers, Frank Rich, a commercial artist and hot amateur horticulturalist from Culver City, Nev., and Bill Lonk, an agreeable and strictly law-abiding citizen of Cicero, Ill., jumped ashore with the mooring ropes. Then a back eddy suddenly caught the Big Boat and span it violently, tearing the rope out of Bill's hands and tangling Frank in his rope, dragging him into the water and under all three pontoons. Luckily Frank is a good swimmer, and somebody on the Big Boat grabbed him when he came up. Though Georgie gunned her motor wide-open, she couldn't get back to shore to rescue poor Bill, who had to clamber half a mile over the shore boulders until he got to a place where the water was calm enough for Georgie to pick him up.

GEORGIE had run Cataract Canyon before and she thought she knew it, but the exceptionally high water made this a different Cataract, a stranger to her. Back at the Robber's Roost before we took off, she had told me that Cataract was famous for its big rocks, and it was great sport doing broken-field running through them. Well, Cataract may be absolutely lousy with rocks, but I can't remember seeing a single one sticking above the surface. I remember nothing but waves and waves. They were gathered in conventions, and these conventions seemed to stretch from cliff wall to cliff wall, the biggest waves heaped up in the middle, and the smaller ones curling in from the sides to join them, gathering force on the way. And the conventions got larger and tougher to deal with as the run went on.

At midmorning on the fourth day, we were between high, wide-apart cliffs that embraced a large expanse of water in which there were very strong back currents. The immediate problem was to get into the main current in the river's center; but every time Fred and Dick would row the Three Boat almost to it, a side eddy would grab us and muscle us toward the wall of the east cliff. It must have taken a half dozen oar-bending passes before the main current was finally attained. We were at once swept around a bend and confronted by the biggest and most enthusiastically attended wave convention we had seen so far. We hung for a moment on the current's crest, then went into the waves with a

great crash. Quite an adagio ensued. While the port unit of the Three Boat would be pitched clear of the water, the starboard unit would be completely submerged, with only the top of Al Cadman's lion-tamer sun helmet visible. I had a good seat to observe from, for I was in the stern of the center unit, which, of course, took its turn in this seesaw routine, while the ropes straining in the lashing rings gave off horrible groaning noises. We were in the midst of our terrific up-and-down jouncing when I heard Dorothy Wullich, who was sitting immediately to my left in Fred's boat, say "Oh!" in a way that made me shift my popeyed gaze from some gigantic walllopers rolling toward us from my right. Marian Jones had gone overboard. She was clutching a rope in the bow of Fred's boat and she looked very miserable. She was wearing glasses, and her eyes were closed.

It was a long rapid, and we were not halfway through it; the wind was from down canyon, so we were moving against it like brimming bathtubs, and the waves were doing a Valkyries' ride. Fred rose, picked his way across the duffel chests, the canned goods packs, the boat gear, reached the bow, pulled Marian in, made her comfortable, then returned to his oar, smiling as though it were all a minor and slightly embarrassing mishap that had overtaken a small child in public. When we finally were out of the rapid and found a landing place far down the river, he built a fire to dry us out, then rummaged in his bedroll and brought out a bottle of whisky to give us heart. What a man to travel with! That afternoon during another wave convention, he broke an oar and shot overboard himself. There is an old Colorado River man's adage: "When an oar breaks, there's only two kinds left—the quick and the dead." But before I could recall it and start worrying, Fred had pulled himself back into the boat, grabbed a fresh oar and resumed rowing with an apologetic grin.

But the next day, our last in white water, Fred really topped himself. As though it knew that this day was our last, that damned Colorado assembled not just another convention of waves but what seemed like a world congress of them, and with a sure sense of melodrama it waited until Dark Canyon, the last

continued

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GEORGIE'S RIVER continued

bad rapid in Cataract, to bring them out. That morning Tord Ringdahl, a jovial Swedish engineer from San Francisco, who carried a multicolored Belgian umbrella with a seat like a shooting stick's on the handle, had decided to shift from the Big Boat in search of sport. He placed himself in the stern of Fred's unit, and sport was what he got.

The sport was at its merriest when I noticed that the waves were pitching the starboard unit higher and higher with each belt. A colossal wallpaper had submerged all three units, and we had just started to come up; then one that must have been left over from the Old Testament flood hit the starboard unit, raised it perpendicular to the water and held it there a moment before finishing the job by pancaking it right on top of the center unit I was in. The spillage included three male bodies (don't forget that Dick Smith is 6 feet 7½ inches tall) and all the hard goods, such as bailing buckets and boat hooks, and the rubber chests, dangling from their nylon cords. It was dark in there, inside that neoprene sandwich, and as I sat bent over double because there was a body on top of me I thought that this time we'd had it for sure. We weren't nearly out of the rapid, and our motor power now consisted solely of one oar and Ringdahl's umbrella, unless the two girls could paddle with their hands. I was scared green, but suddenly and idiotically I remembered a phrase from the Grand Canyon section of one of George's prospectuses. "Comparatively dangerous," it had said, and I burst out laughing. Then it got light. Fred had dropped his oar, picked the starboard unit up and hurled it back to its normal position on the center unit's other side. The upper layer of that sandwich weighed 350 pounds, not counting the heavy chests lashed to it.

On the way back to California in the car, Al and Randall and Greg and I agreed that it was a good thing Fred B. Eissman Jr. hadn't neglected his weight lifting at the Burroughs School last winter. My operatives have since informed me that on her ensuing Grand Canyon runs last summer, Georgie told everybody: "I never saw worse than Cataract. The average can't imagine." **END**

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19TH HOLE The readers take over

BOXING: THE POOR KID SAYS

Since when has the art of throwing in the towel become lost?

If there ever was a mismatch, it took place last Friday, June 6. Do I need mention the names of Martinez and Adams' *Edgar & Sons* (1984, June 16). As everyone might see, except the referees and those in Martinez' corner, the poor kid was out since early in the first round, regardless of whether or not he was on his feet, in his corner, flat on his back or in pain to or from this position.

Regardless that this was a title fight, I contend that not only were Martinez handlers guilty of subjecting their client to an unnecessary beating, but that they also must have shortened the usefulness of their moral order by quite a few future profitable appearances.

The whole thing was nauseating and money-savvy. It will probably in some time induce many viewers will have the stomach for another such spectacle.

DEAN DILLMAN

San Francisco

Sirs,

The Vito Martinez fight is a perfect example of managers taking advantage of their fighters. It was evident in the third round if not in the first that Martinez was out on his feet. This is not a championship fight to be proud of.

I hope you will continue to campaign against such poor supervision of this dangerous sport.

MRS. DAVID H. ALLEN

Whitland Falls, Texas

Sirs,

This matter has stuck in my craw for a long time, and I've now made up my mind. How does one man go about knocking out another in modern-day boxing? Here was Vito Martinez flat on his back.

He might be there yet, if his records hadn't gotten him up, and Adams is given a magnificent TKO. It seems to me that if a referee stops a fight with one man unconscious even if he's on his feet, but about to get his brains spun out over the ring, it should be a knock. Let 'em give the TKO for our lips and teeth fronts.

JOE L. FLETCHER

New Orleans

GOREN: SUB JUDICE SAYS

When the expert in any field makes a mistake it usually increases our respect for him, because we then know he is human.

Mr. Charles Goren must have had other things on his mind when he wrote relative to the "Extra Track." I tell you at least 19, 84, June 2. "East would have defeated the hand with a super brilliant

defense." If East had discarded one heart on the fourth round of clubs and discarded his king of hearts on the fifth round of clubs, Mr. Goren's statement seems to be based on the assumption that when East discarded his heart king, South will also discard a heart.

However, having so clearly conceived the proper play, South would not have let this defense defeat him. When the heart king was discarded by East on the fifth club, South, realizing this set up the dummy's heart spurn, would trump the club with the diamond king. Nothing the East-West partnership could do there after would defeat the contract.

I wish to add that Mr. Goren's articles have increased my enjoyment of *Sports Illustrated* as well as my education in the fine game of contract bridge.

HENRY C. TAYLOR

Julia, Second Judicial District

The District Court of Iowa

Blanchfield, Iowa

• Contrasted with Judge Faylen's sharp criticism, in addition to letters from such sharp-eyed and learned members as R. S. Richardson, Delray Beach; Dr. A. R. Flowers, Memphis, J. S. Rhodes, Roswell, N.M.; E. C. Worden, Claymont, Del.; Mrs. C. D. West, Warwick, Va.; L. Silbernagel, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Adrienne Bennett, Montreal, N. D.; Stearns, New York City; E. H. Hammer, Newton Centre, Mass.; A. I. Layton, Pittsburgh; Dr. J. M. Hieles, Great Falls, Mont.; and H. P. Epstein of The Bronx, Charles Goren drew upon his decades of experience in the field and entered the following plea: "I grieved,"—E.D.

INDIANAPOLIS: VALUE JUDGEMENTS

Sirs,

Congratulations on the fine article and especially the editorial on the 42nd Anniversary at Indianapolis (81, June 9).

Several writers in the Chicago area have blasted the sport of auto racing. These men are the same Martin-driving, apple-polishing snobs who make it a habit of telling the reading public what a great bunch of heroes the players and gamblers, race-trackers and racketeers turned legit are.

I feel that your magazine is tops in giving during the good name it deserves. GRANT R. KNEIGHT

Larkspur, Ill.

FITNESS: HOW TO

MISS

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FITNESS SERVICE 93, May 26. WHAT THE POINT IS

continued



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18TH HOLE continued

ON YOUTH FITNESS MUST PROVIDE IS A PLAN OF ACTION, NOT FOR ACTION.

FRED DIEBY

New Orleans

Sirs:

Such encouragement as you are will help us appreciably in continuing to emphasize the essential need for youth fitness. Dorothy Stull again did an outstanding job.

Local communities have responded greatly, and the large number of reports received concerning local programs would indicate that National Youth Fitness Week has had real meaning in California.

C. CARSON CONRAD, Chief
Bureau of Health Education,
Physical Education and
Recreation

Sacramento

FITNESS: THE FUN WAY

Sirs:

Nobody can sell American youth on physical fitness through calisthenics, gymnastics, weight lifting, or other so-called exercises that do not emphasize our version of competitive athletics. Americans want their exercise the fun way.

The select few who are varsity athletes gain their fitness in the sports they play. Others must be kept from becoming afflicted with sports injuries through proper introduction of the carryover sports.

Those of us who are handball nuts know the sheer pleasure of an hour several times weekly spent in thrilling man-to-man competition in a four-wall court, tossing off the tensions of everyday pressures. Handball can be participated in by all ages, just as tennis, squash and swimming.

The soapbox orators, countless proclamations and reams of copy will not bring about physical fitness. The need is for more and more facilities and men who can present a worthwhile introduction.

MORT LAVE

Chicago

FITNESS: THE BUSINESS APPROACH

Sirs:

A *Fit Week for a Second Look* certainly was an interesting, informative and disturbing report on our national physical fitness program.

Some mention should be made about the outstanding work of the 76 Sports Club. The Union Oil Co. has been sponsoring weekly instructional telecasts and athletic clinics in southern California.

The telecast originates from Los Angeles and moves around the state to cover all the current sports festivals. A segment of the program is devoted to the local athletic arena. The local TV stations carrying the 76 Sports Club disseminate news on coming events and honor outstanding local performers in all sports.

Eloy "Crazy Legs" Hirsch is in charge of the program. He has successfully filled the flying track shoes of the 76 Sports Club's former host, Olympic Pole Vault Champion Bob Richards.

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Sport Federation. And it is justly proud of the rapid achievement of the Union Oil Co.'s Sports Club. With the continued industrial support of General Mills and Union Oil, plus the enthusiasm of the Jaycoos, California can take pride in its physical fitness record.

DON C. BUSH

Coronado, Calif.

Sirs:

I would be interested in knowing what industries in the Buffalo area are particularly interested in the fitness program and which members of the President's Council on Youth Fitness reside near Buffalo.

EDWARD L. O'HARA

Tonawanda, N.Y.

• There is a distinction to be made between industrial sports programs, which are generally limited to the company's employees, and corporate programs toward a fitter community and nation. The Wheaties Sports Foundation (SI, Feb. 17) and the Union Oil program described by Mr. Bush (above) are outstanding examples of well-conceived and executed efforts to educate and encourage individuals and communities to the ideals of fitness. The number of companies becoming interested and active in this kind of program is growing, but so far none are located in the Rochester-Buffalo area. There are, however, a number of companies with very fine employee or community sports and recreation programs.

For example, the Onseida Ltd. Co., silversmiths, has an excellent community athletic program that includes a gymnasium with instructors, and so does Eastman Kodak in Rochester. Lande Air Products of Buffalo offers its employees bowling, basketball, baseball, archery, chess, tennis (on its own courts) and badminton teams. Mr. Mark A. McCloskey, Chairman of the New York State Youth Commission in Albany, is a member of the President's Citizens Advisory Committee.—ED.

FITNESS: FOR ALL

Sirs:

We are securing good results with a class of asthmatic children (both boys and girls) whose fitness performances are in many areas far surpassing that of normal children. If you could see several of our under-sized, ostensibly sick children climbing up a 25-foot rope, doing from 100 to 300 sit-ups (feet free), performing 600 shuttle hops and learning combative skills of judo, you could not help feel that one of the basic failures on the national scene is lack of proper motivation. There are far too many speeches and debates and too little constructive action.

LAWRENCE J. FRANKEL

Director of Physical Fitness

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GEORGE W. CONSTABLE

'Sport is a universal language'

George Constable is a proper Baltimore lawyer and sportsman who fulfills a part of his sense of civic obligation as a trustee of the Baltimore Museum of Art. As such he has been instrumental in launching an ambitious and unique venture: an international center for art based on sport.

It is housed in a wing of the museum given by Mrs. William Woodward Sr. on the dissolution of Belair, the family's Maryland stud farm. With it went her husband's large collection of horse portraits (including Nashua) and funds to maintain the wing. This, in turn, gave Constable, a self-styled conservative in matters of taste, the opportunity to put into

practice some heretofore private thoughts: "Museums should organize art around matter which interests people. Sport as art will bring the public, the artist and the museum together."

The subject of the Woodward Wing's first exhibition is shooting and fishing. From museums, galleries and such private sporting collectors as F. Ambrose Clark and Mrs. William Bliss have come canvases by Henri Rousseau, Thomas Eakins, Washington Allston and Winslow Homer (Mr. Constable is standing under Homer's *Right and Left*). In the offing are shows on sailing, fox hunting and cockfighting, all local and traditional themes in sport's universal language.



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